

NO.
46

Hayden 28
B-18-44

ZIP

COMICS

MAY
10¢

AN
MLJ
MAGAZINE



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

Malay Jungle CHOKING STICK

WITH COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS
FOR USE OF THIS AMAZING
NEW JIU-JITSU TECHNIQUE

Now
IT'S
YOURS

FREE!

WITH EVERY COPY
OF NEW COURSE ON

COMMANDO JIU-JITSU

Latest, Newest — Clearly Explained in WORDS and
PHOTOS by a Famous U. S. Marine Corps Instructor



**THIS MAN
IS HELPLESS**
Can't turn, squirm
or strike. He is
100% "under control"
and the man
with the Choking
Stick is the Master

Positive holds on ankles, arms, neck, head
and crotch — gained in a flash with amazing
Jungle Choking Stick Technique.
Amazing in Defense — Deadly in Attack!



MORE THAN 150 HOLDS,
THROWS, AND BLOWS

ILLUSTRATED WITH CLEAR
NEW PHOTOS & DRAWINGS

BY A FAMOUS U. S.
MARINE INSTRUCTOR

\$1.98
COMPLETE
Includes Course
AND Choking
Stick Free of
Extra Charge

DON'T fear bullies! When threatened by someone twice your size and weight—a duck, a swivel, and a quick Commando hold will enable you to use the bully's own strength to throw him violently to his back. Big muscles and great weight are worthless against the "little fellow" who knows the Commando tricks.

This is the authentic Commando course that takes the mystery out of Jiu Jitsu and makes it easy for anyone to learn quickly. Just a few hours practice will make you a master of enough holds to give you protection from bullies, thugs or hoodlums even twice your size and weight.

Each hold, blow, or throw is shown in a series of over 150 actual photographs and drawings. First, the form of attack with fist, knife, club or pistol. Second, the defense and the surprise "Disarm" hold that makes the bully drop his weapon or suffer a broken arm or leg. Third, the "Throw" that enables you to use the bully's own strength against him and stand on your feet unruffled while he struggles for breath or nurses a banged head.

FIRST TIME EVER PUBLISHED

New Choking Stick technique learned from Savage Malay Jungle Fighters. Exact instructions fully illustrated for using the

vicious and deadly Malay Choking Stick. Defenses, holds, throws, and disabling blows never before put in published form. Especially valuable for service men, Civilian Defense Patrolmen, Plant Guards, Police, and Detective Officers.

MALAY JUNGLE CHOKING STICK FREE to those who hurry

We have a limited supply of Jungle Choking Sticks—same type as used in Malay Jungle, and exactly the same as used in the photographs illustrating this Commando Course in Jiu Jitsu. A practical, useful, weapon that makes a one man "blitz" in the hands of those who learn its use. NOTE: Must not be placed in the hands of children or irresponsible persons. Practice with this Jungle Choking Stick must be done with great care or serious injury may result. This is not a plaything, but a deadly weapon.

DON'T wait until the supply of Choking Sticks is gone. Send now. Fill in the coupon, send cash, money order, or check, and we will prepay postage. Or, if you prefer, put an X in the COD square and we will ship Commando Book AND Choking Stick, for \$1.98 plus COD charges and postage. Prepare now and be the "man of the hour" when the time comes.

**FREE
CHOKING
STICK
IF YOU HURRY**

WILCOX & FOLLETT CO., Dept. 62
1255 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 5, Ill.

Send me your new Defense Manual of Commando Jiu Jitsu, including more than 150 photographs and drawings of men and women; and including the never before published blows, holds, and "throws" now made possible by use of the Jungle Choking Stick. You will also send **ABSOLUTELY FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE**, one Jungle Choking Stick for practice. Total cost, \$1.98.

☐ I enclose remittance for \$1.98.
You will prepay postage.

☐ Send above COD for \$1.98 plus COD
fees and charges. I will pay postman.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Orders from Canada must include full remittance in U.S. Exchange.

A FEW HOURS spent now practicing Commando Jiu Jitsu may save your life or your property when you are attacked—or may save you or your loved ones from severe injury. The real heroes are not the men of brawn, but the ones who have the "know how"—men who can use their heads in a cool, sure, swift, and knowing way when the emergency calls for someone to step forward and take the situation in hand.

WILCOX & FOLLETT CO. Dept. 62
1255 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago 5, Ill.

STEELSTERLING

and

**THE WAND
of
WEIRDNESS**



A MUSEUM! A TREASURE HOUSE OF THE PAST! WHAT WEIRD FORGOTTEN SECRETS OF THE AGES REPOSE WITHIN ITS 20TH. CENTURY WALLS?



WITHIN, TWO SLINKING FIGURES SEEK TO ROB!

WOW!
WOTTA
HAUL,
APOLLO!

SHUT UP,
AN' GET TO
WORK,
MULEY!



DA
WATCHMAN!

I'LL *FIX*
HIM!

WHA--
CROOKS!



BLAST IT!
MY GUN'S
JAMMED! HE'LL
SHOOT ME
FULL O'
HOLES!

CLICK



HMM... I CAN
USE THIS!



THIS OUGHTA
MAKE A GOOD
CLUB!



YOU FILTHY
RATS! NOW
I WILL
SHOOT!

DO SOMEPIN'
APOLLO, HE'S
GONNA
DRILL
US!

WHADDA YA EXPECT ME
TO DO? IF I WUZ A
MAGICIAN, I'D WAVE
THIS WAND, AND
WISH **LIGHTNING'D**
STRIKE HIM
DOWN!

AND THEN MIRACULOUSLY,
THE EVIL WISH IS
ANSWERED!

HOLY
CATS!--
LOOK!

AGHH...

WHAT IN..? DID DAT
LIGHTNING COME OUTA
DIS STICK?

LOOK.. IT SAYS
IT'S A MAGIC
WAND!

WHATEVER
IT IS, LET'S
SCRAM! DA
COPS'LL BE
HERE SOON!

BUT THEY HAVE FAILED
TO READ AN INSCRIPTION,
IN THE GLASS CASE
BESIDE THE STRANGE
WAND----

LATER, STEEL STERLING
RECEIVES A PHONE CALL...

AND YOU SAY THE
WATCHMAN WAS KILLED
BY LIGHTNING, CLANCY?
OKAY, I'LL BE
RIGHT
OVER!

LEGEND HAS IT, THAT
WHOEVER USES THIS WAND
FOR EVIL PURPOSES, WILL
HAVE EVIL VISITED BACK
UPON HIM..

LATER, AT THE MUSEUM...



HERE HE IS, STEEL! SEE FOR YOURSELF!

HMM...IT WOULD CERTAINLY SEEM LIKE LIGHTNING DID KILL HIM, CLANCY!...



.. AND YET THIS PLACE IS FULLY PROTECTED BY LIGHTNING RODS! WHAT'S MISSING, CLANCY?

THAT'S THE QUEER PART! ONLY THE THING CALLED A MAGIC WAND!

HEY, STEEL, LOOK, A GUN WITH INITIALS ON IT!



HMM-- A.B.



BOY! OF ALL THE DUMB THINGS TO DO!



I THOUGHT APOLLO BATES WAS A SLICKER OPERATOR THAN THAT!



SURE, STERLING! AN' THERE AIN'T A THING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT!!



GULP! APOLLO, LOOK WHO'S HERE!

THE WAND! SO IT WAS YOU WHO PULLED THAT MUSEUM JOB!



WHAT THE!

ALL I GOTTA DO IS, WISH FOR YOU TO STOP!





HOLY MACKERAL...
I CAN'T SEEM
TO MOVE AN
INCH!

HAW, HAW!
LOOKIT DE
MAN OF
STEEL!

SEE WHAT
I MEAN,
PAL?

I COULD
EASILY KILL
YA NOW, STERLING!
BUT I'M GONNA
HAVE SOME
FUN WITH
YOU FIRST!

I WISH, YOU'D
FLY AWAY, AND
LAND ON A GERMAN
SUB!... DEM NAZIS
GOT NICE WAYS
OF TORTURIN'
THEIR ENEMIES!

WHA...SOMETHING
IS PULLING
ME AWAY!

TRUE TO ITS COMMAND
THE WAND SWISHES STEEL
OUT TO SEA, STRAIGHT
FOR A GERMAN SUB--

-- AND DOWN INTO
THE OPEN CONNING
TOWER--

DAT'S DAT!
LET'S WISH
FER SUMTIN'
TO EAT
APOLLO!

NOT A BAD
IDEA! I'M
KINDA
HUNGRY
MYSELF!





HERE WE ARE, AN EIGHT COURSE MEAL!

BOYBOY! AN' NO RATION POINTS!



AFTER THE MEAL..

AHH! WAS DAT GOOD, LET'S GO OUT, AN' ROB A BANK, APOLLO!

NITWIT! WE DON'T HAVE TO ROB BANKS NO MORE!



I JUST WAVE DA WAND AND ASK FER A HEAP O' GOLD.. AND HERE IT IS!

YII!



THE WORLD IS OURS! I KIN FILL THIS WHOLE ROOM WITH GOLD IF I WANNA, THE WORLD IS OUR OYSTER, MULEY, FROM NOW ON!

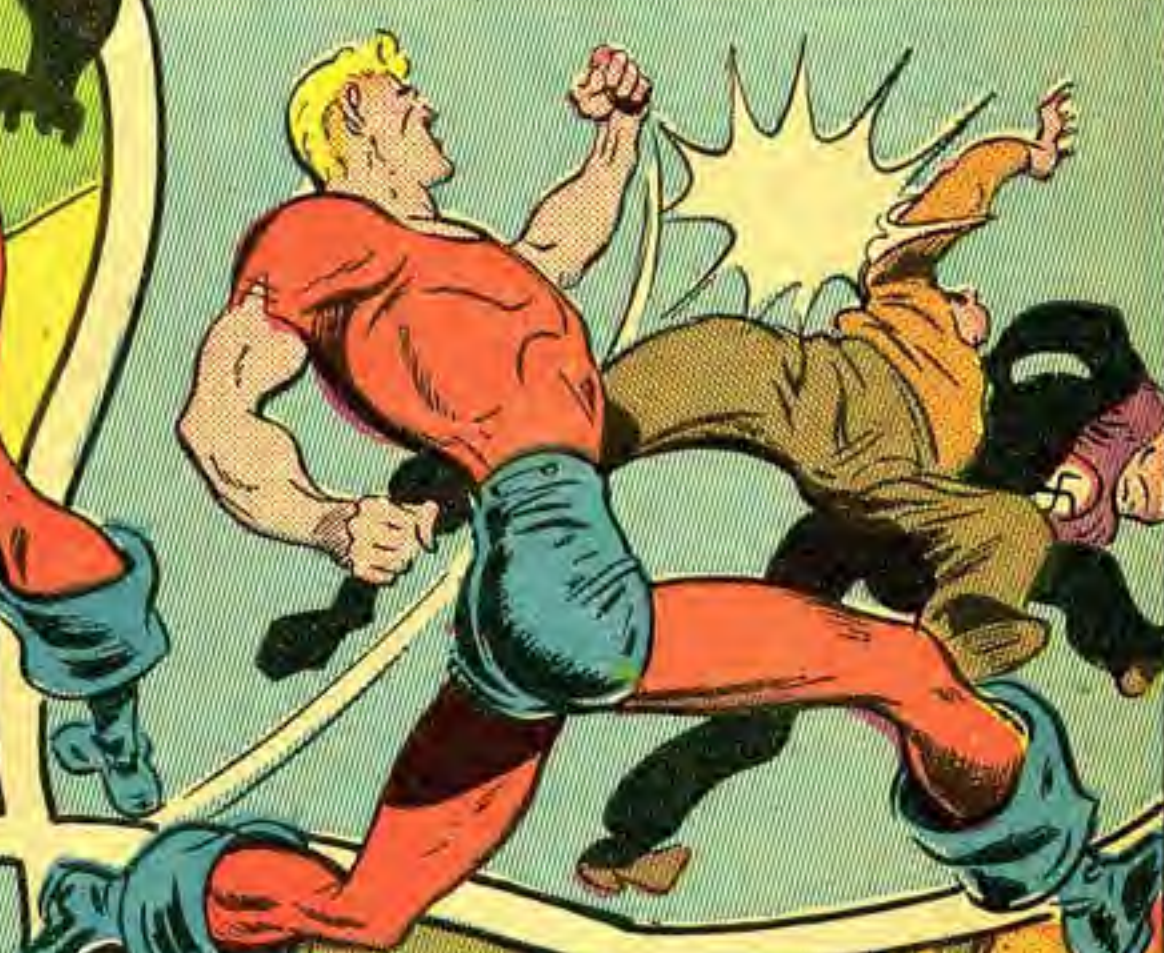
MEANWHILE, WHAT OF STEEL STERLING..



OH, OH-- THESE GUYS DON'T SEEM TO LIKE PEOPLE TO DROP IN ON 'EM.. ESPECIALLY AMERICANS!



AS LONG AS I'M HERE, I MAY AS WELL DO A GOOD JOB OF IT! WHERE'S THE TORPEDO ROOM?



THERE! THIS TORPEDO'S ON A HOT RUN!



WHIRRR..



YA KNOW, APOLLO, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE GOOD LOOKING LIKE YOU!

SO, YOU WANT THIS WAND TO MAKE YOU **HANDSOME**, HUH, MULEY?!

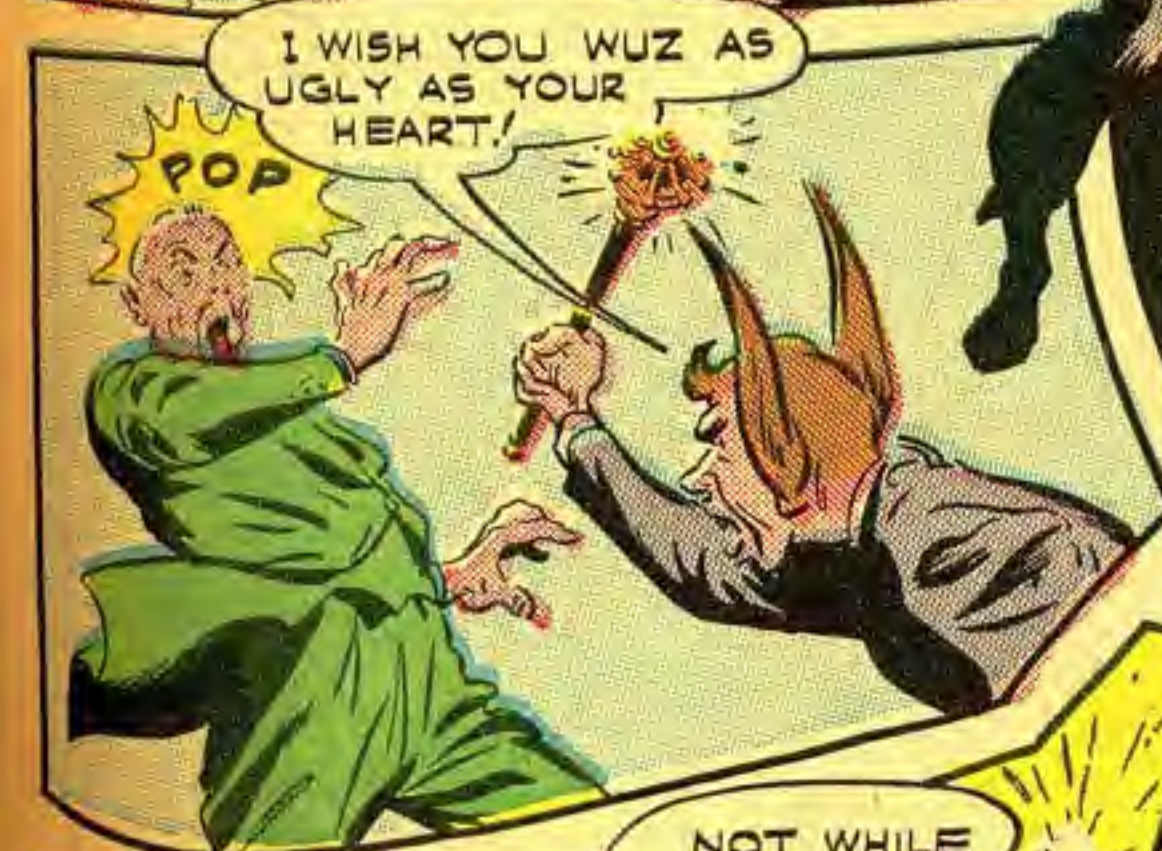


POP

YA DOITY RAT! WHAT DID YA DO TO MY EARS?

PLAY TRICKS ON ME, WILL YA?

HEY! GIVE ME BACK THAT WAND!



POP

MY FACE! M-- MY HANDSOME FACE!



NOT WHILE I GOT DA WAND!

I GOT MY HAND ON IT! STRIKE MULEY **DEAD**, WAND!

KILL, APOLLO, WAND! **KILL HIM!**



THE MAGIC WAND OBEYS THE DOUBLE COMMAND, GIVEN EXACTLY THE SAME MOMENT..



DEAD! BOTH OF THEM! PROBABLY KILLED BY THE WAND! BUT WHERE'S THE WAND?

THUS HAS THE WAND FULFILLED ITS LEGENDARY CURSE OF BRINGING EVIL TO THOSE WHO USED IT! BUT THIS CURSE APPLIES TO THE GOOD AS WELL AS THE BAD! THE INNOCENT AS WELL AS THE GUILTY! CAN STEEL RETRIEVE IT, BEFORE IT WREAKS FURTHER HARM? NEXT WE SEE THE WAND BEING PICKED UP BY A VERY COMMON-PLACE CABBIE---



WHAT'S THIS?



AH.. I'M ALWAYS FINDIN' JUNK! I WISH SOMETIME I...



..COULD FIND ME A NEW CAB! GULP!



IT'S A TRICK! MY EYES ARE GOIN' ON ME!



NO.. IT'S REAL.. AND THIS STICK DID IT!



THE WAND! THAT CABBIE'S GOT IT!!

NOW TO TRY HER OUT!
OH, OH! HERE COMES THAT SNOOPING
FAT SLOB, CLANCY! HE'LL WANT TO
KNOW WHERE I GOT THE NEW
CAR AND EXTRA GAS!
I'D BETTER
BEAT IT!

HEY! COME
BACK HERE!

IN HIS HASTE TO ESCAPE, THE
CABBY MISJUDGES A TURN, AND...

AND
SO,
ONCE
AGAIN
THE
CURSE
BEARS
FRUIT!
WHO
WILL
BE
THE
NEXT
VICTIM
??

THE IMPACT FLINGS THE WAND ONTO
THE SIDEWALK, RIGHT AT THE FEET OF
DIPPY DUGAN RACKETEER ----

OH, OH!
I GOT TO
HIM TOO
LATE!

WHERE'S
THAT WAND,
CABBY?

I DON'T KNOW, OR
CARE! I NEVER
WANT TO SEE
THAT **CURSED**
STICK AGAIN!

BUT...

I SAW DAT
CABBIE CHANGE
HIS OLD HEAP
INTO A
NEW
CAR!

CURSED
STICK IS RIGHT!
I HOPE NO ONE
PICKS IT UP!

IF IT
WORKED
FOR HIM,
IT'LL WORK
FER ME!

MONEY! ROLL OUTA DIS BANK!

GIVE ME THAT WAND!

I'M SURROUNDED!

NATIONAL BANK

NATIONAL BANK

WAND! MAKE STERLING FIGHT DE BULLS!

NOW YOU GET IT, RAT!

BULLETS! GO AROUND ME!!

SPLAT

BUT STEEL! WHY'RE YOU PUTTING IT BACK?

READ THAT SIGN ABOUT THE WAND'S HISTORY, CLANCY, AND YOU'LL SEE WHY! AND FROM WHAT'S HAPPENED TODAY, I BELIEVE IN SIGNS... BUT DEFINITELY!

TRUE TO HIS COMMAND, THE BULLETS GO AROUND DIPPY, BUT RICOCHET OFF THE WALL, AND...

LATER...

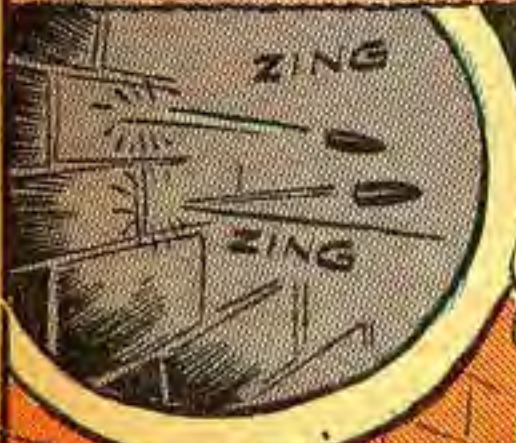
THAT'S THAT!

AGG-UHH

ZING

ZING

THIS IS THE MAGIC WAND! SUPPOSED TO HAVE BELONGED TO MERLIN, THE MAGICIAN! IT'S MAGIC POWERS ARE BELIEVED TO EXIST ONLY ONCE EVERY THOUSAND YEARS...



HEY GANG!
HERE'S YOUR
CHANCE TO PUT
MUSCLES ON YOUR
UNCLE SAM-AN!
MAKE SOME SPENDING
MONEY AT THE
SAME TIME!

RIGHT! OUR COUNTRY
NEEDS PAPER AND IT'S
UP TO YOU KIDS TO SEE
THAT YOUR OLD UNCLE
GETS IT. HERE ARE SOME
SIMPLE RULES ON HOW
TO HELP- AND MAKE
MONEY AT THE SAME
TIME!

MLJ
MAGAZINE

1. - SAVE YOUR WASTE PAPER.

OLD NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES,
CARDBOARD BOXES, PAPER
RAGS, ETC.

2. WHEN YOU'VE GOT A GOOD
PILE, TIE IT INTO A BUNDLE
AND GET IN TOUCH WITH
A SALVAGE COLLECTOR.

3. EVERY CITY, TOWN
OR VILLAGE HAS A
COLLECTION DEPOT. IT
MIGHT BE YOUR C.D.V.O.
HEADQUARTERS, OR THE
BOY SCOUT HEADQUARTERS,
OR THE RED CROSS, OR
YOUR LOCAL CHURCH. IT'S
EASY ENOUGH TO FIND OUT.
THEY'LL GIVE YOU A NICE
PRICE FOR YOUR SCRAP
PAPER!



Señor BANANA

STENCHO ODORA

SALE
SKEINS
GOGGIN



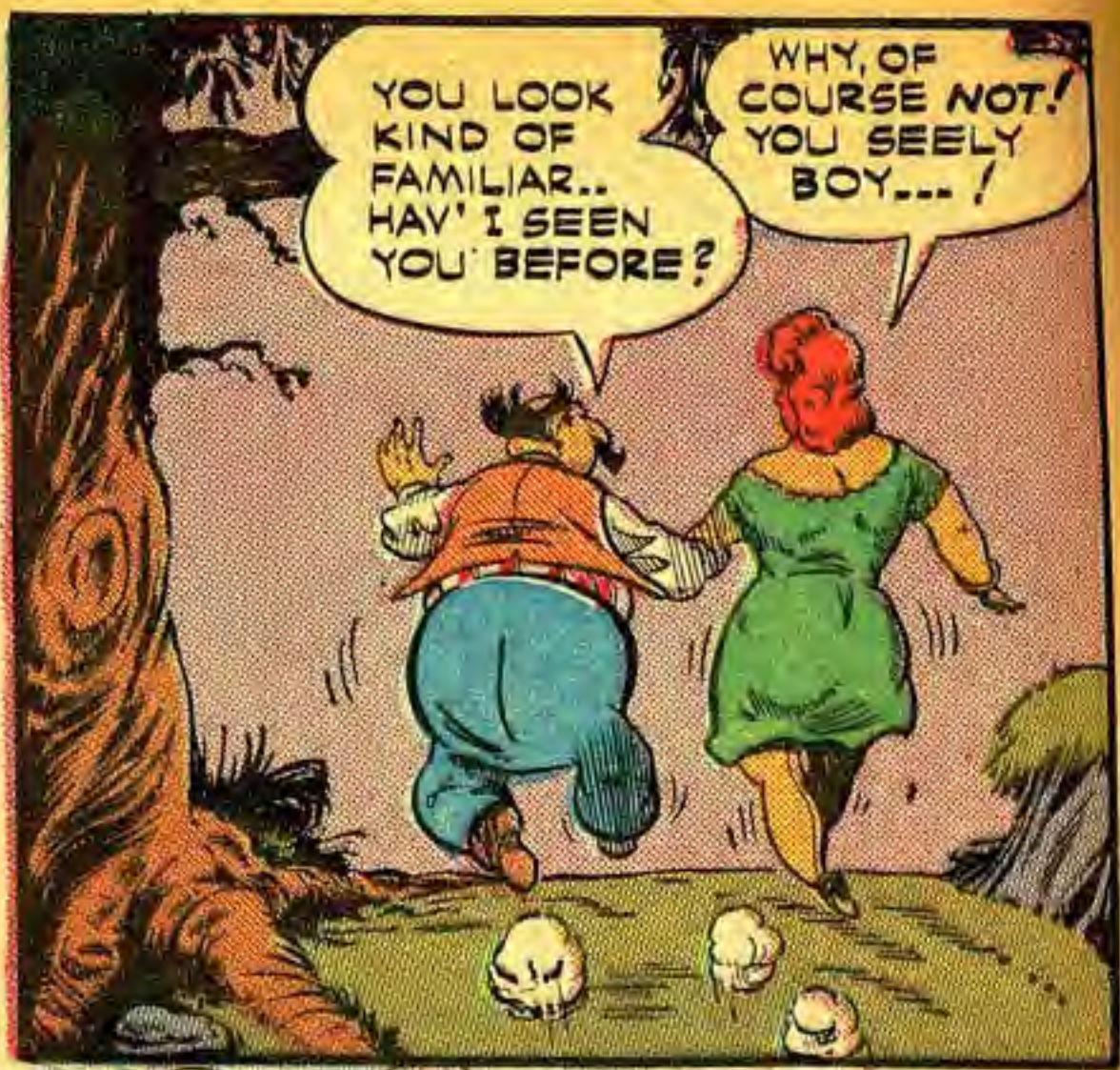




WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO ON A PEECNIC WEETH US GIRLS? WE HAVE THE LUNCH!

LUNCH? I WEEL GO.. POSITEEVLY!

AHEM.. MY NAME EES.. AH.. STENCHO, KIDDO.. HEH-HEH!



YOU LOOK KIND OF FAMILIAR.. HAY' I SEEN YOU BEFORE?

WHY, OF COURSE NOT! YOU SEELY BOY...!



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A CANOE RIDE, DOLORES? I WEEL MAKE WEETH THE OAR...!

HOW ROMANTIC... LET'S GO!



SHE REMINDS ME OF SOMEONE.. BUT WHO?

DO YOU LIKE THE RIDE, YES?

YES.. EET EES SO RELAXING..

THE BEEG FATEO WOULDNT DO THIS FOR ME!



I WEEL FEEX HEEM... YOO.. HOO.. CONCHITA! EES LUNCH READY?

HEY! DOLORES! SEET DOWN! YOU WEEL FALL OUT.. GULP!

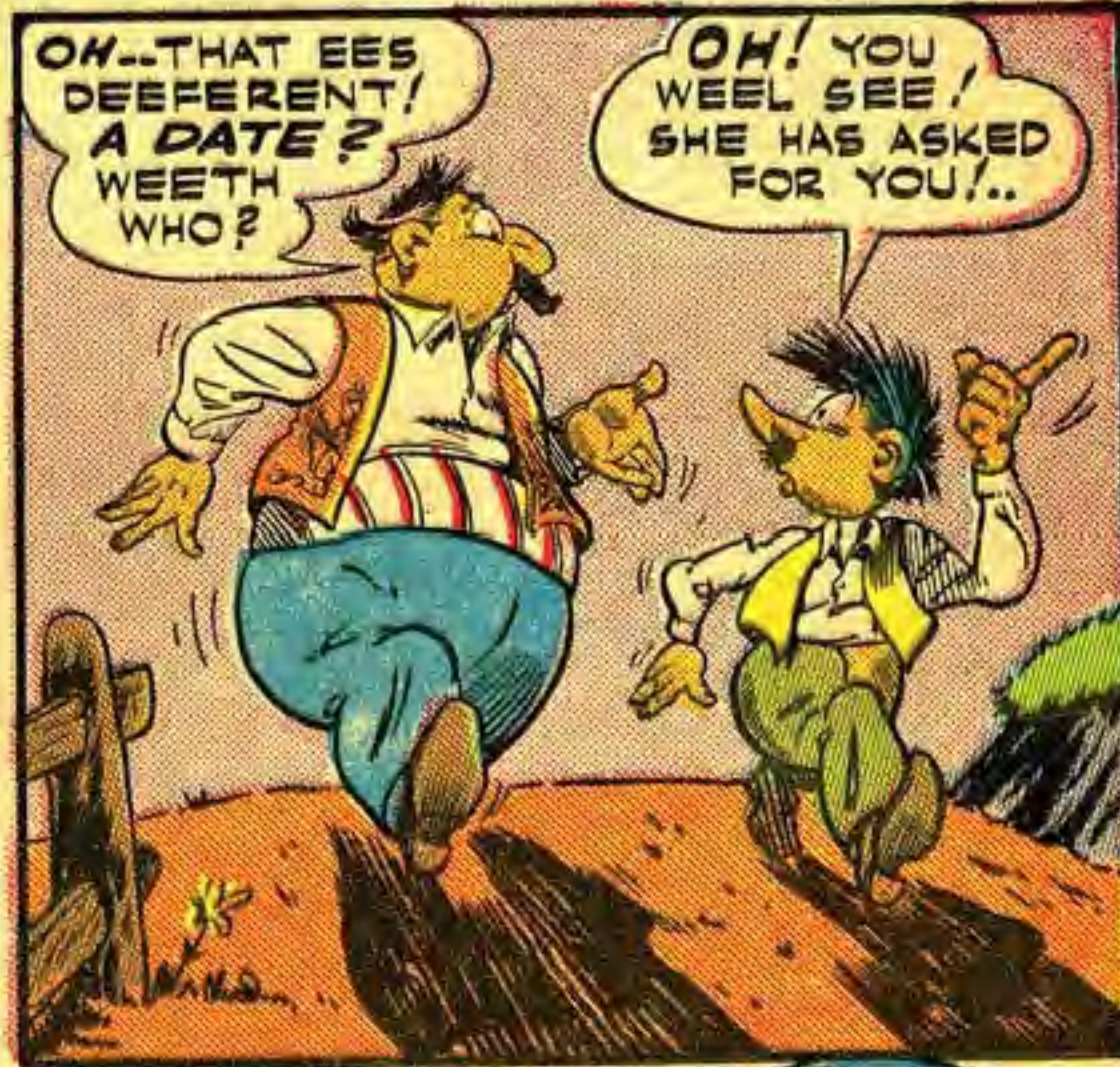
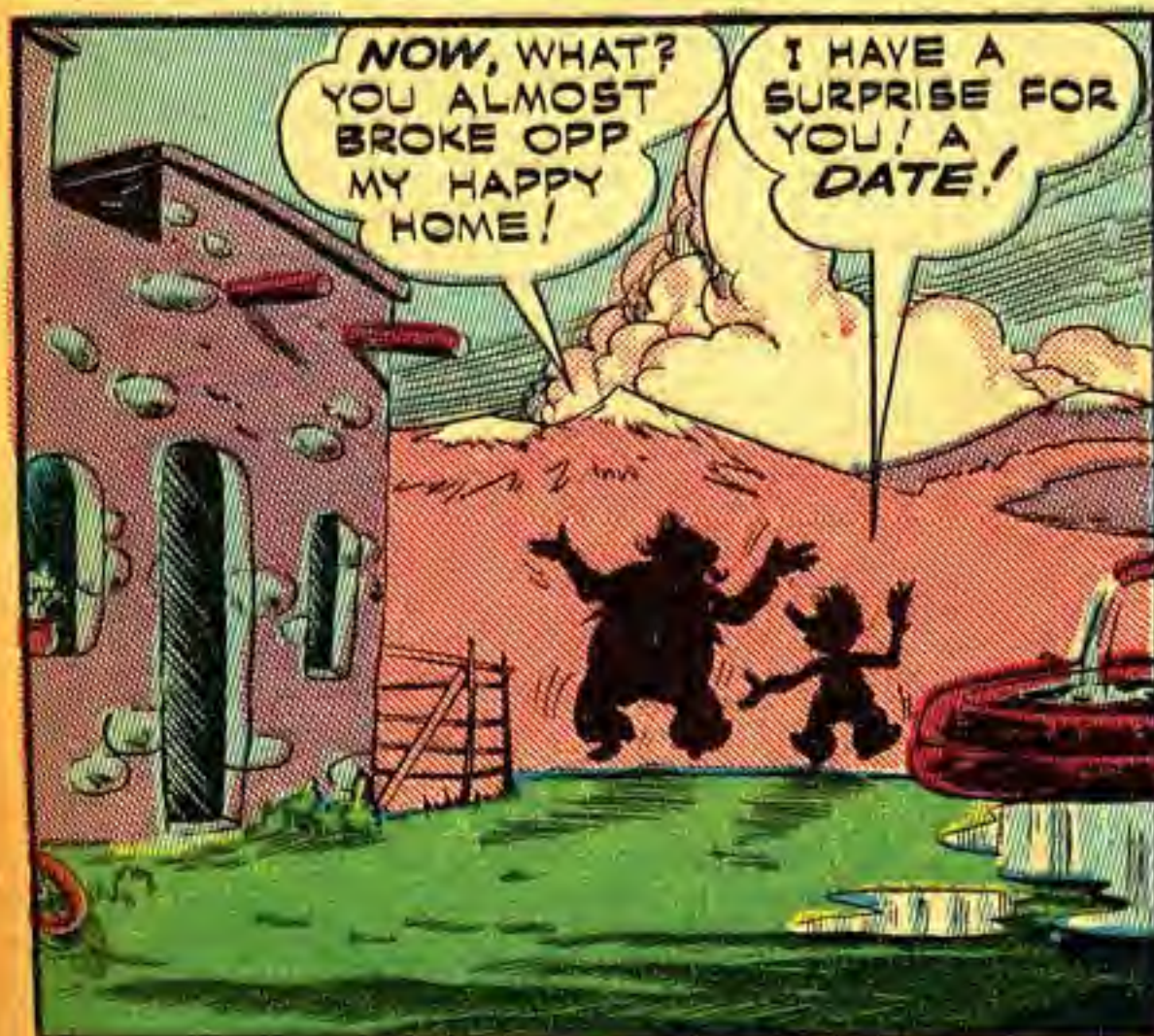


SPLASH

HA-HA HA...







Archie

Bill Vignola

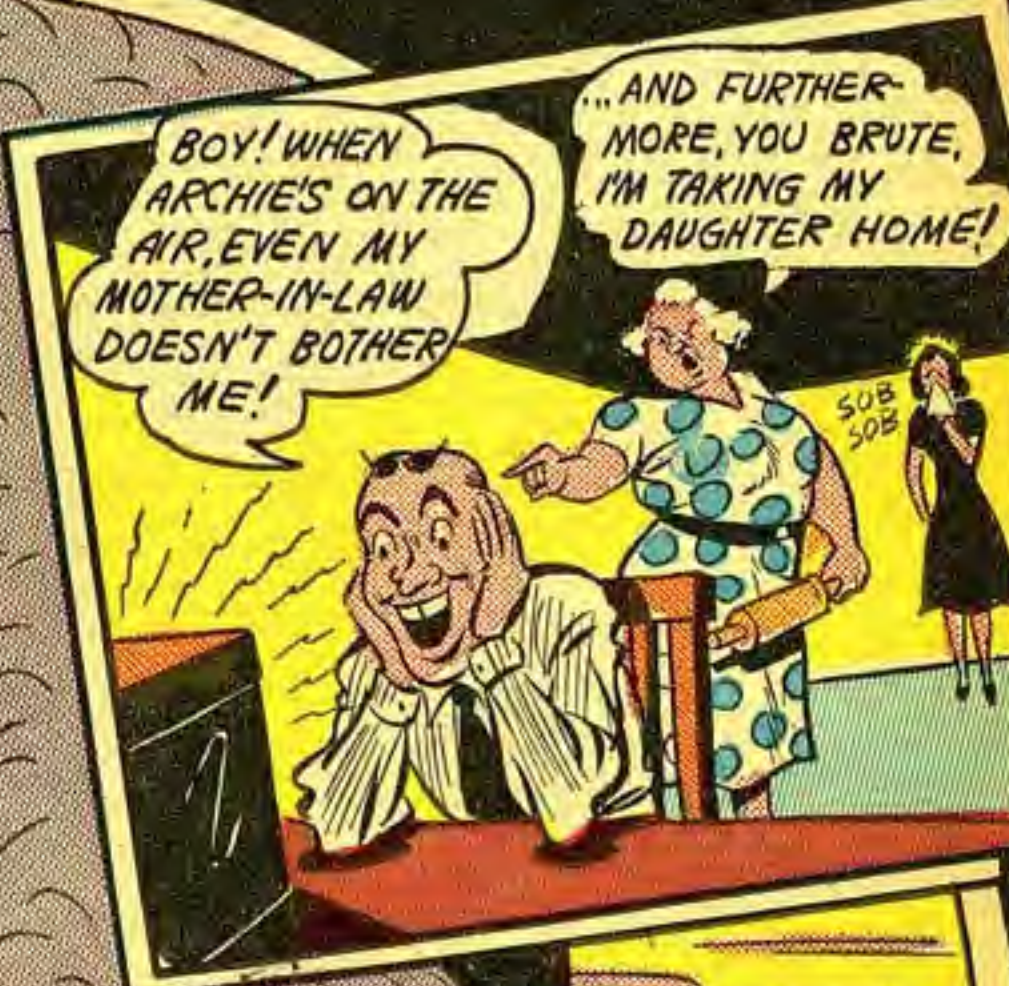
IS GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YOU!

HA, HA...
NEVER LAUGHED
SO MUCH IN MY
LIFE,
DOC!



BOY! WHEN
ARCHIE'S ON THE
AIR, EVEN MY
MOTHER-IN-LAW
DOESN'T BOTHER
ME!

...AND FURTHER-
MORE, YOU BRUTE,
I'M TAKING MY
DAUGHTER HOME!



QUIET —
ON THE AIR!



THAT KID.
ARCHIE MAKES
ME FEEL YOUNG
AGAIN... YIPPEE



TUNE IN ON ARCHIE ANDREWS

5:15 P.M. EASTERN WAR TIME
4:15 P.M. CENTRAL WAR TIME
3:15 P.M. MOUNTAIN WAR TIME
2:15 P.M. PACIFIC WAR TIME

ON WOR
MUTUAL

THE SLAP HAPPY APPLE JACKS

GRRRR!

MAMMY! PAPPY!
HELP! THAR'S
A STRANGE
LOOKIN'
CREATURE
AFTER
ME!



THAR'S TH'
COUNTY FAIR,
HAPPY! BOY!
IS WE GONNA
HAVE FUN!



by
SAHLE
Series



WE IS THE FIRST
ONES HERE,
SLAPPY.. TH'
SIGN SEZ
FREE
ADMITTANCE..
WONDER WHERE
WE GET
THEM!

LET'S
GET SOME
O' THIS RED
POP CORN,
AN' SEE
TH' SIGHTS!



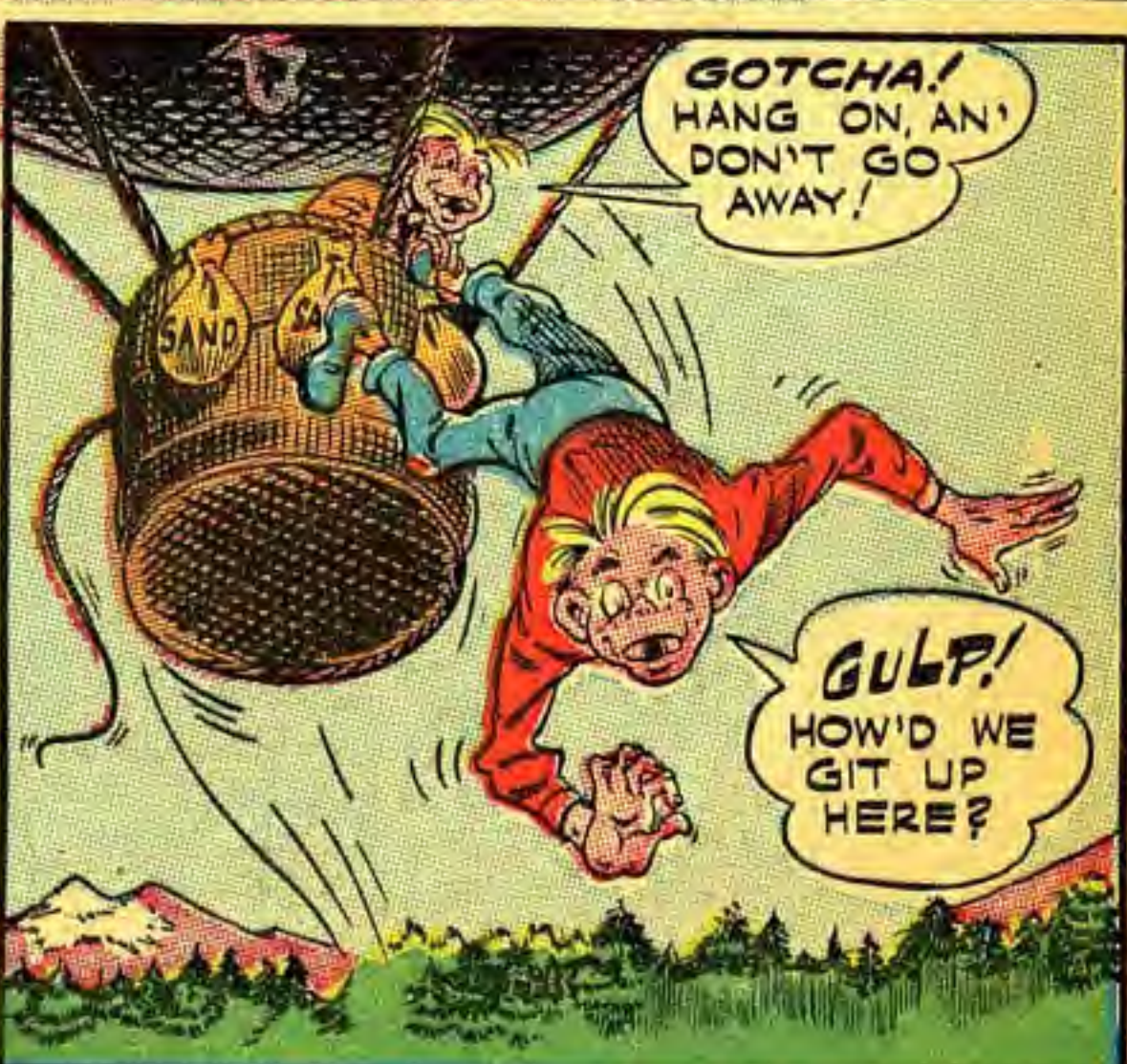
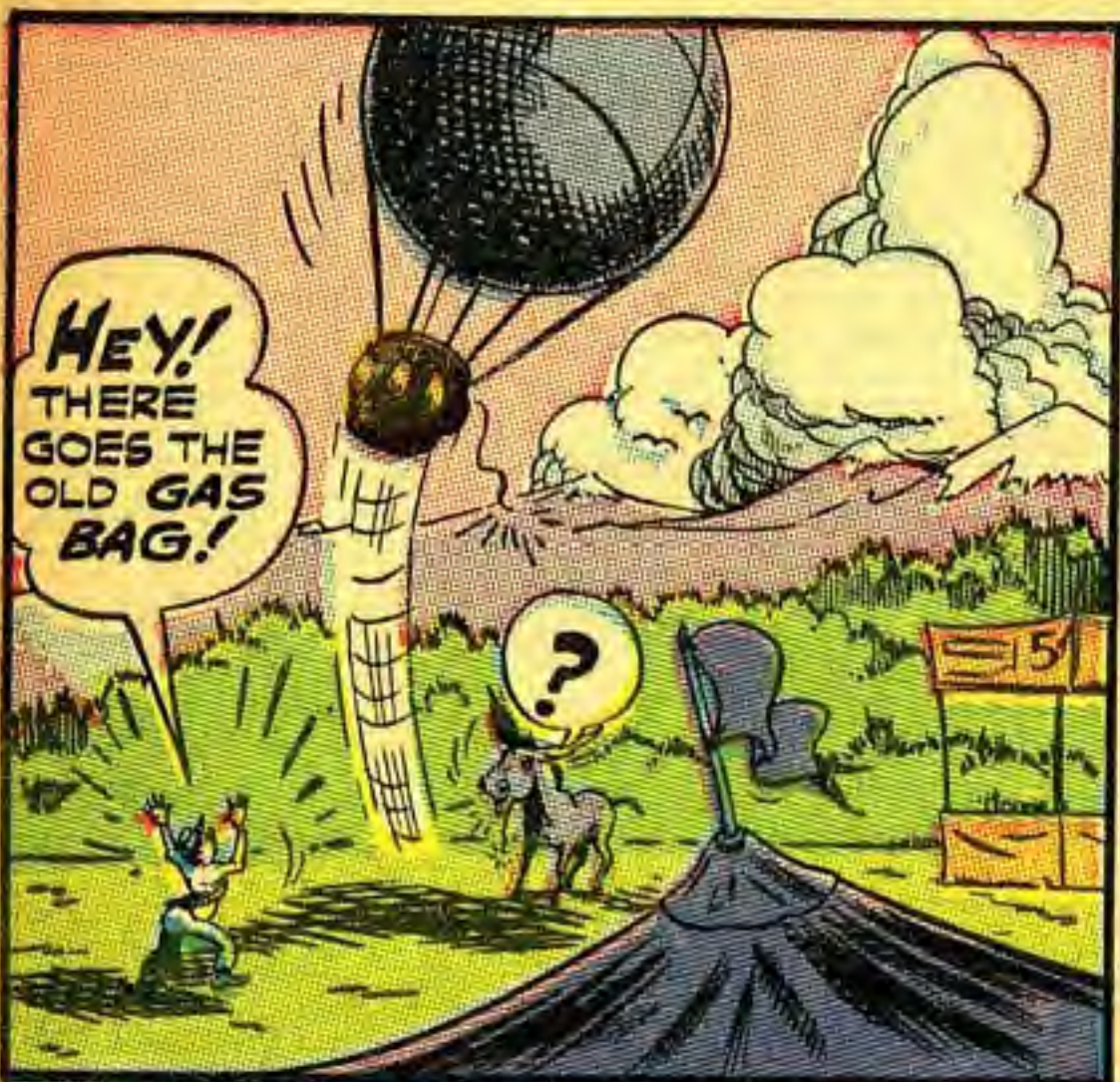
YIPPEE.. LOOKIT
TH' **FREE**
BALLOON..
LUCKY WE
SAW IT FIRST..
RECKON WE
KIN USE IT ON
TH' FARM!

IT MUST
BE TH' PRIZE
FER COMIN'
EARLY!



OOPS! DROPPED
M' POP CORN!
BETTER CLEAN
IT UP!

GET
INSIDE,
AND I'LL
HELP YO'
CLEAN UP!

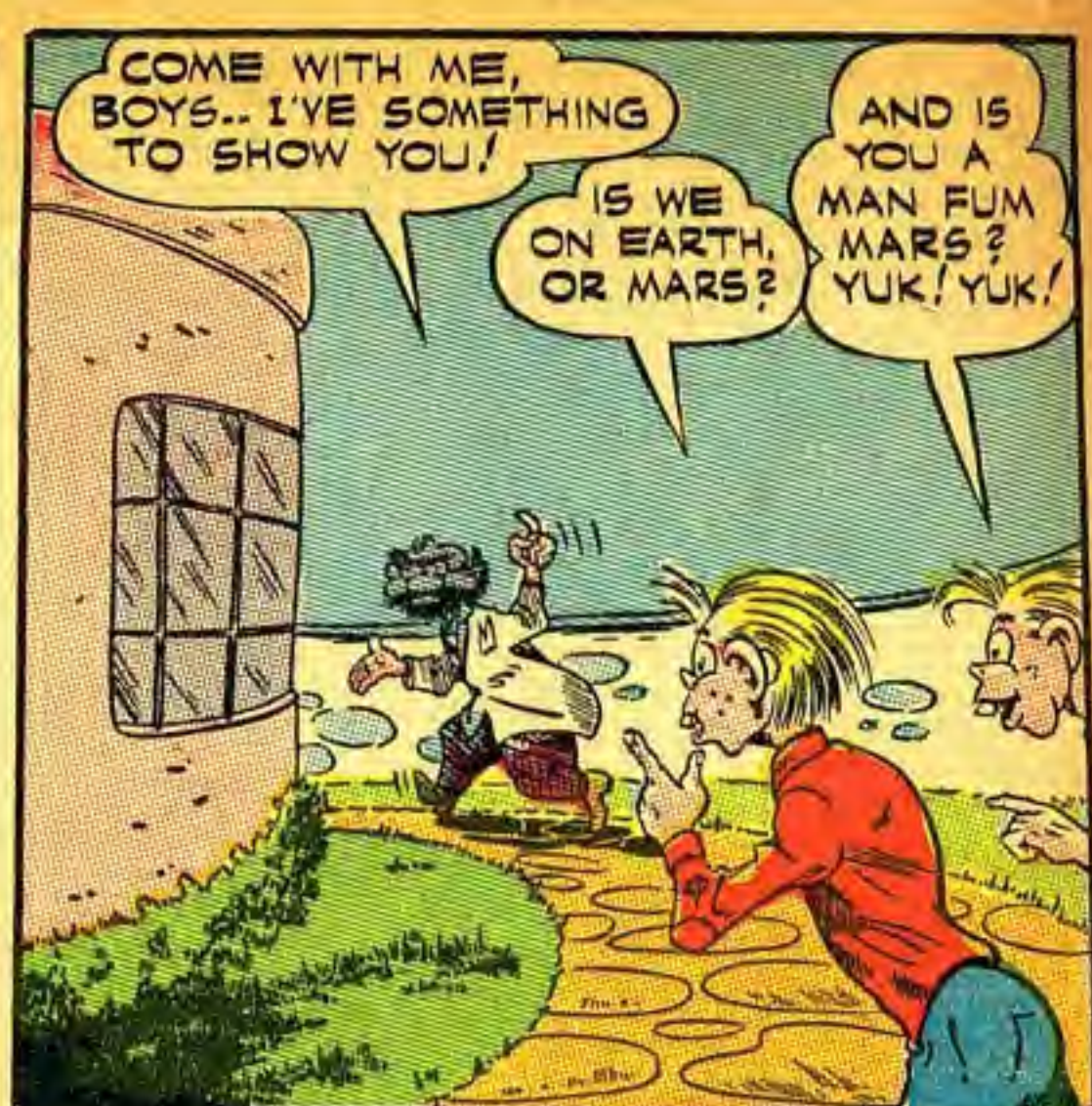






HAPPY, LOOK!
WE IS ON LAND!
WE IS SAVED!

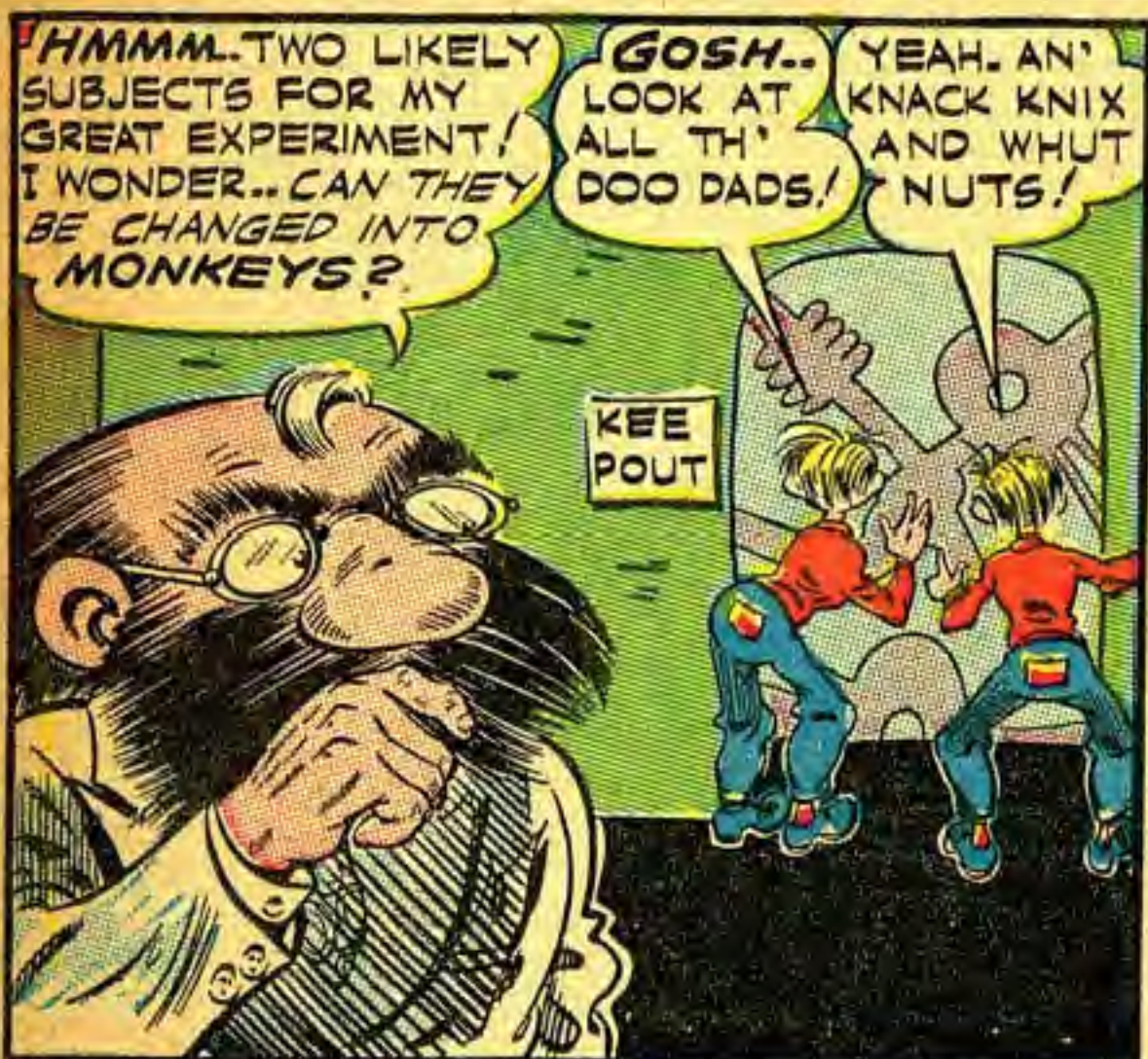
SAVED? HMM...
BEFORE I GET
THROUGH WITH
THEM, THEY'LL
WISH THEY'D HAVE
DROPPED INTO
THE VALLEY!



COME WITH ME,
BOYS.. I'VE SOMETHING
TO SHOW YOU!

IS WE
ON EARTH,
OR MARS?

AND IS
YOU A
MAN FUM
MARS?
YUK! YUK!

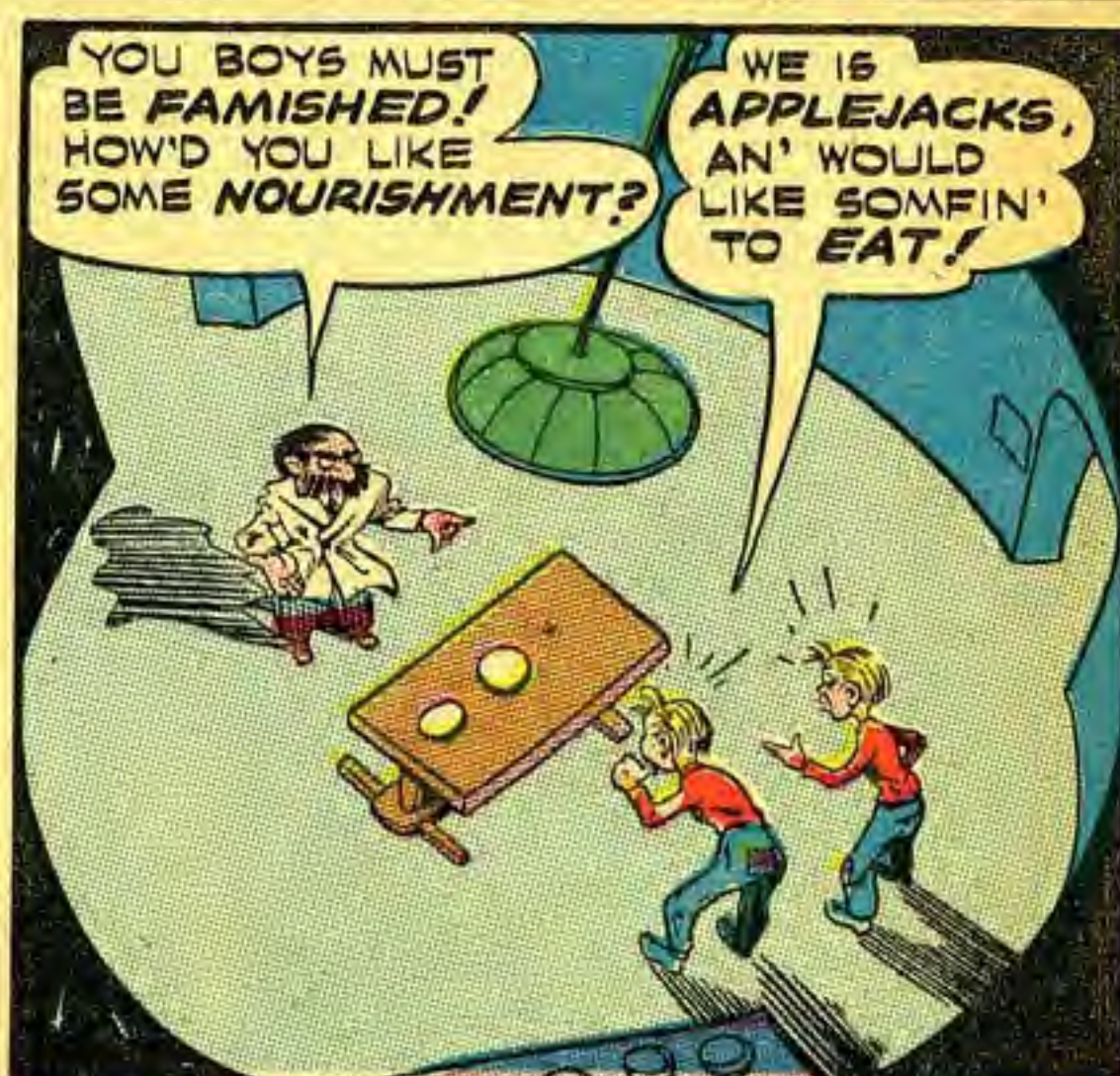


HMMM..TWO LIKELY
SUBJECTS FOR MY
GREAT EXPERIMENT!
I WONDER.. CAN THEY
BE CHANGED INTO
MONKEYS?

GOSH..
LOOK AT
ALL TH'
DOO DADS!

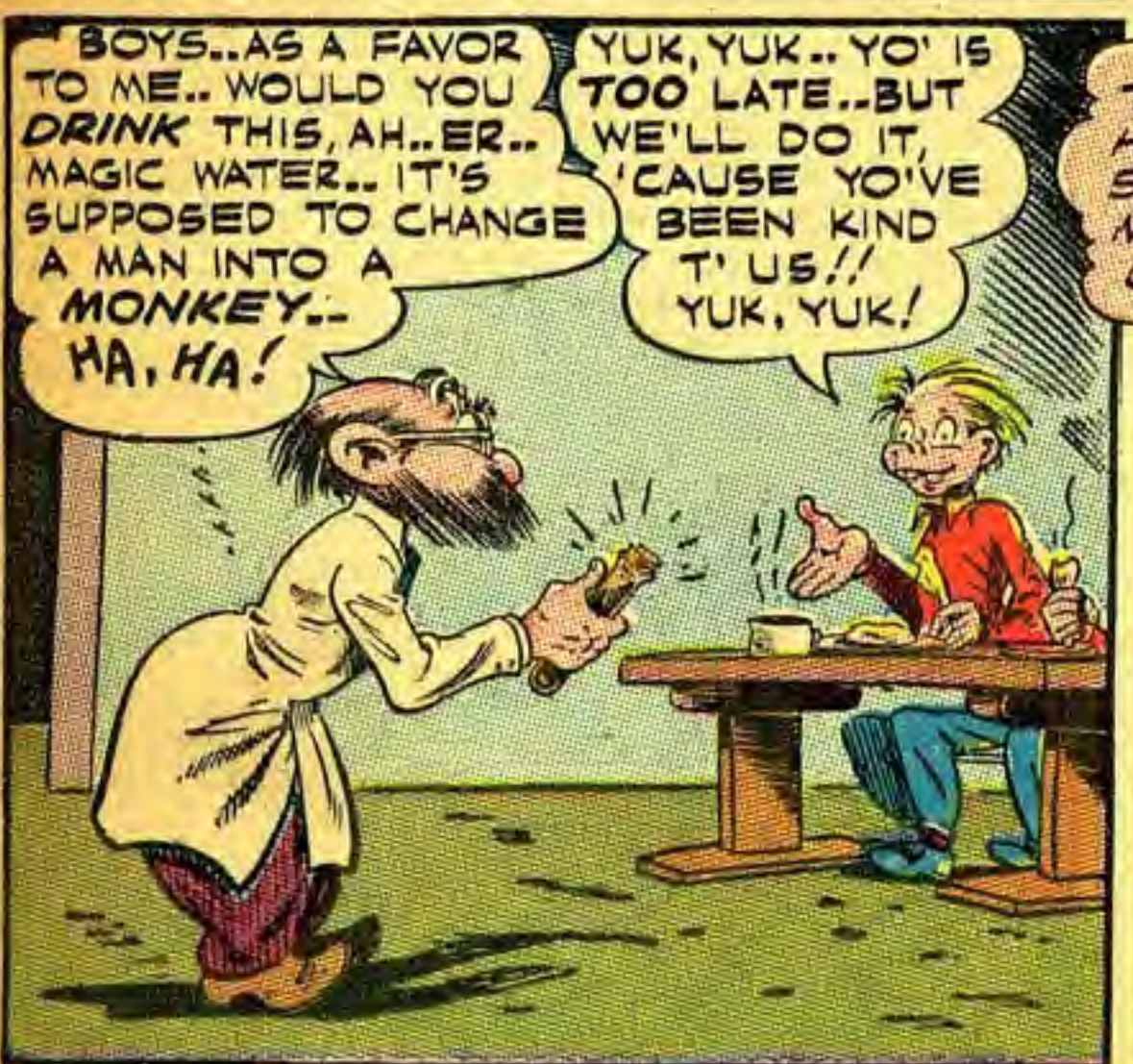
YEAH.. AN'
KNACK KNIX
AND WHUT
NUTS!

KEEP
OUT



YOU BOYS MUST
BE FAMISHED!
HOW'D YOU LIKE
SOME NOURISHMENT?

WE IS
APPLEJACKS,
AN' WOULD
LIKE SOMFIN'
TO EAT!



BOYS..AS A FAVOR
TO ME.. WOULD YOU
DRINK THIS, AH..ER..
MAGIC WATER.. IT'S
SUPPOSED TO CHANGE
A MAN INTO A
MONKEY..
HA, HA!

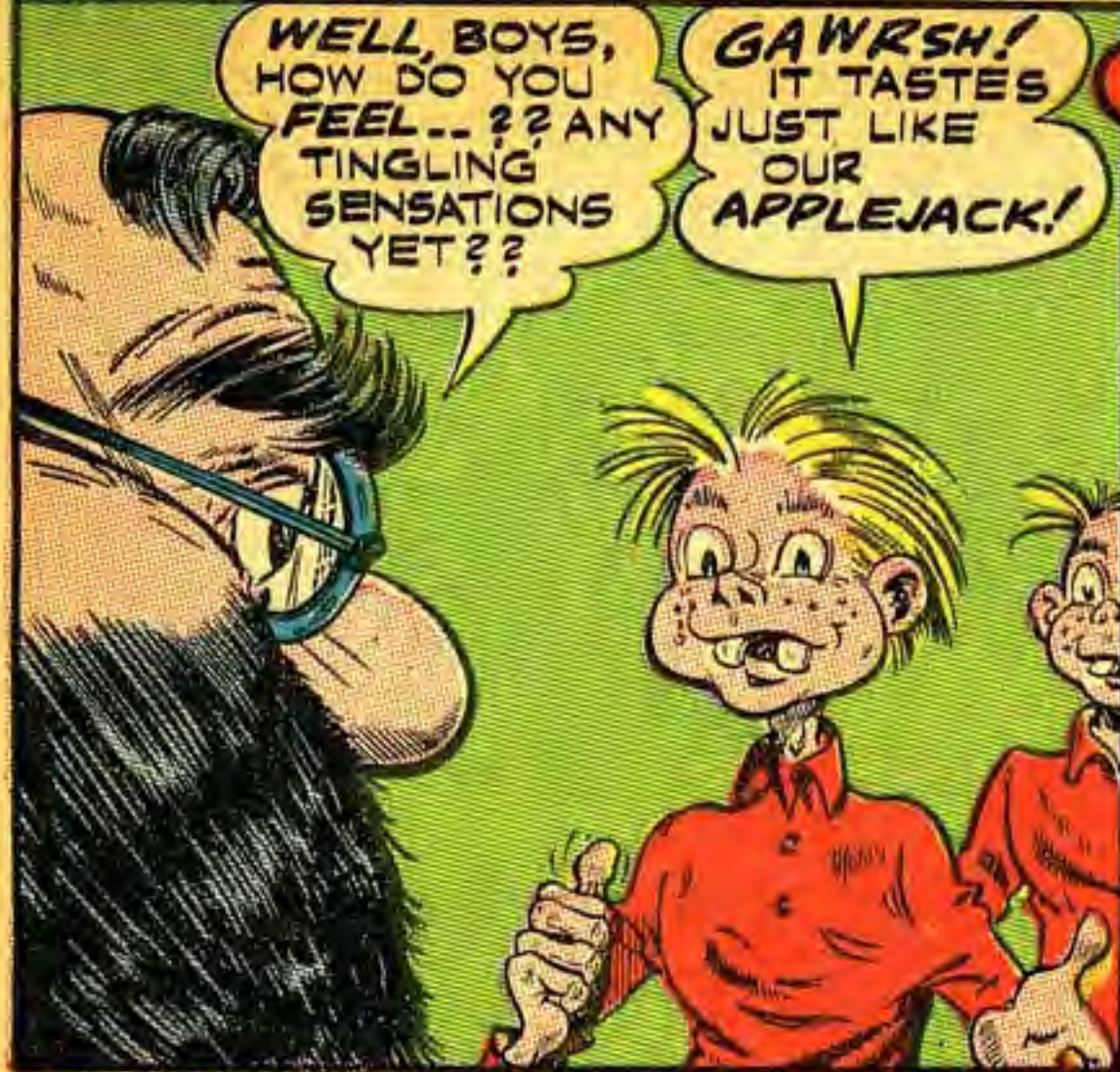
YUK, YUK.. YO' IS
TOO LATE..BUT
WE'LL DO IT,
'CAUSE YO'VE
BEEN KIND
T' US!!
YUK, YUK!



AH'LL HUMOR
TH' NICE OLE MAN!
HE THINKS THIS
STUFF WILL MAKE
MONKEYS OUTA
US! HAW!
HAW!

HERE IT ALWAYS
GOES, WORKED IN
THE PAST,
AND IT
SHOULD
WORK
NOW!

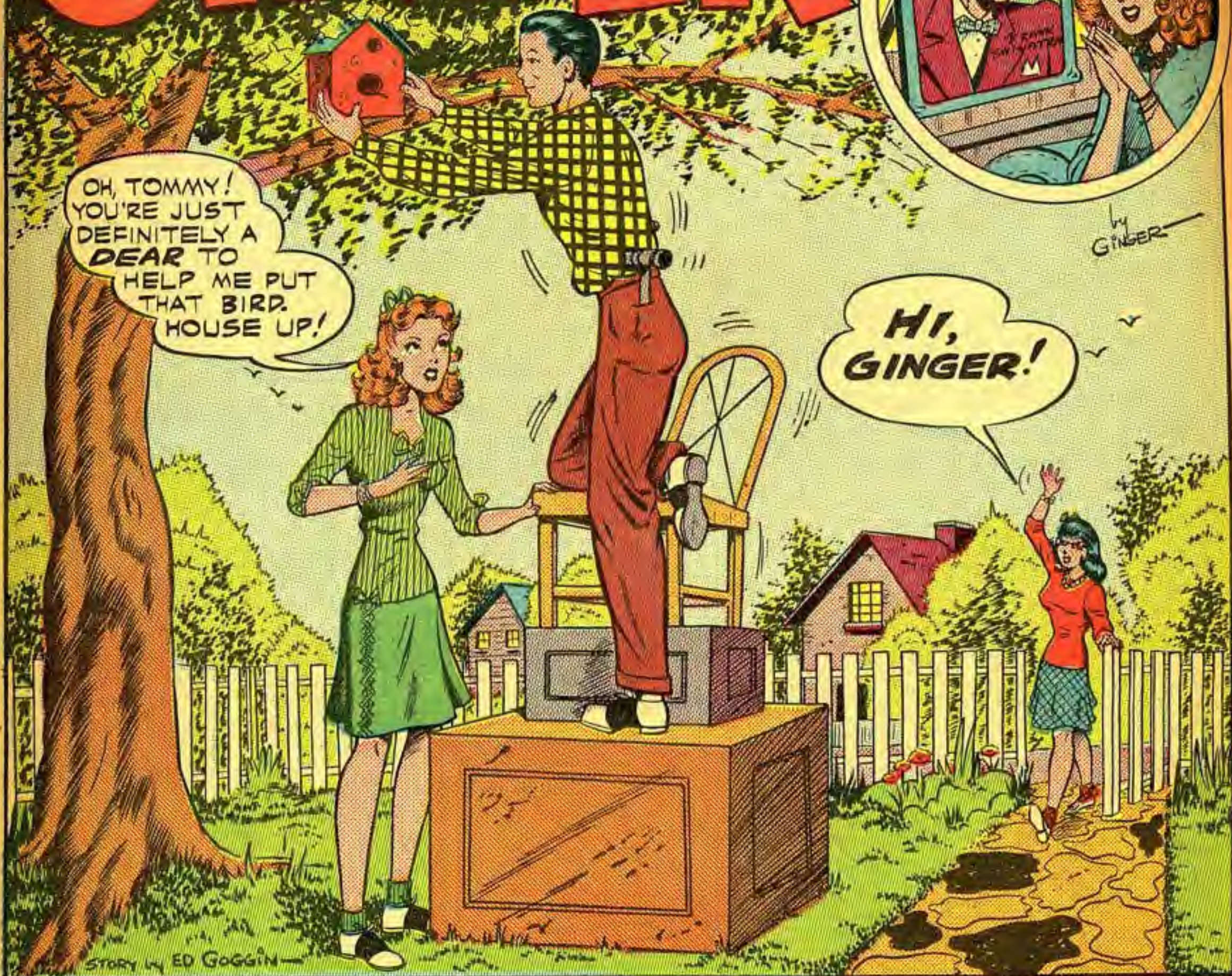
AH'M
NEXT T'
BECOME
A MONKEY!
YUK! YUK!



GINGER



by GINGER







IF ANY OF THOSE KIDS TRY TO GET IN, TOSS THEM OUT!

YES, SIR!



GOSH! WHAT A MESS! THIS MUST BE THE BROOM CLOSET! *HMM*-- A MAID'S UNIFORM!



HMM.. NOT BAD!



THIS IS SIMPLE! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS, WALK IN AND...

JUST A MINUTE, THERE!



YOU NEW MAIDS BETTER LEARN THAT YOU **WORK** AROUND HERE!

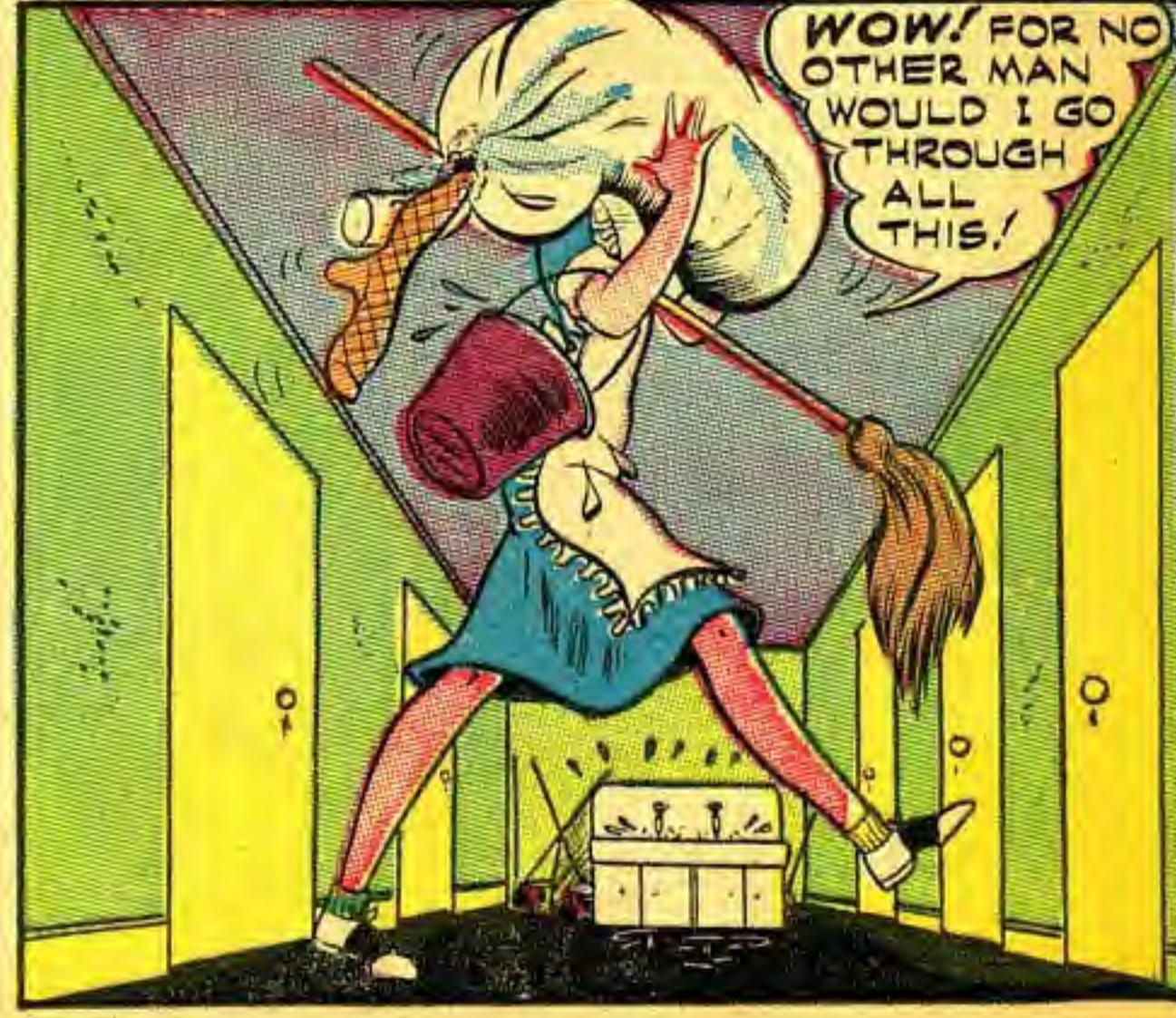
GULP!



NOW GET BUSY, AND **MOP** THE FLOOR, AND..!



AND TOSS THIS DOWN THE LAUNDRY CHUTE! MR. SWINATRA IS MOVING TO THE FLOOR BELOW!



WOW! FOR NO OTHER MAN WOULD I GO THROUGH ALL THIS!



BUT GINGER HEAVES JUST A LITTLE TOO HARD--



WHY DOES EVERYTHING HAPPEN TO ME!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

THIS CUTE OUTFIT SHOULD DO THE TRICK!



AH! AT LAST!





OOOO...! GOSH! GULP!
YOUR AUTOGRAPH!
MR SWINATRA!





OH, KIDS, YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT I'VE GOT!

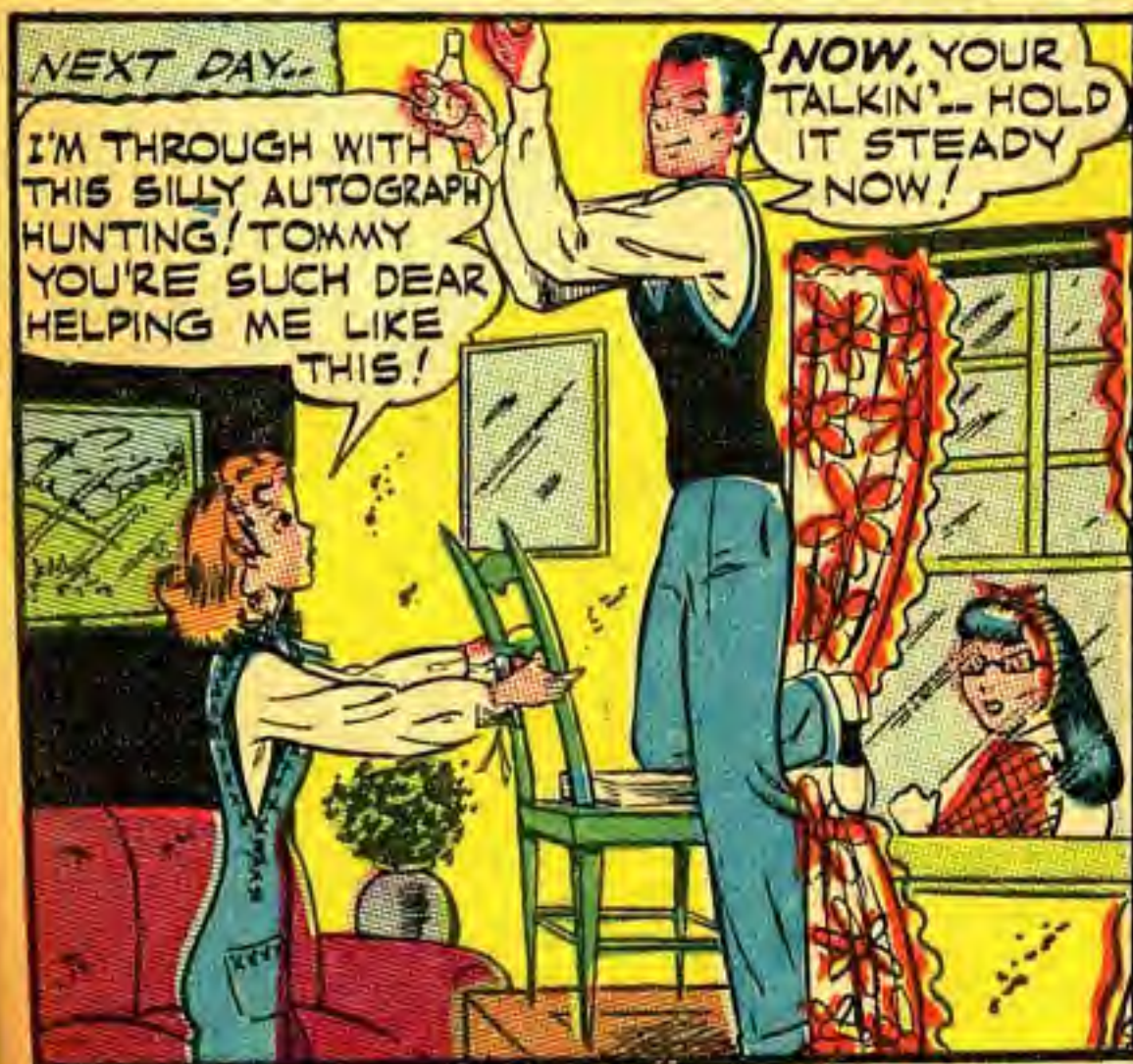
FRANK SWINATRA FOR PRESIDENT



OH, YEAH! WELL, GUESS WHAT WE'VE GOT!



AUTOGRAPHED PICTURES OF FRANK SWINATRA!



NEXT DAY...

I'M THROUGH WITH THIS SILLY AUTOGRAPH HUNTING! TOMMY YOU'RE SUCH DEAR HELPING ME LIKE THIS!

NOW, YOUR TALKIN'-- HOLD IT STEADY NOW!



GINGER! YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHO JUST FLEW INTO TOWN!

WHY, DOTTY, WHO?



RONALD COLMAN!

HEY!

RONALD COLMAN? LET'S GO!



WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A GAL LIKE THAT??

NOT MUCH TOMMY! AND IF YOU THINK THIS IS JUST A SAMPLE, YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER GUESS COMING...BUT DEFINITELY!

RED RUBE



Wm. Vigoda

THE WICKED SCIENTIST, DR. KARVALLA, INVENTED A FORMULA THAT ENABLED HIM TO TRAVEL IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION! AS LONG AS HE HAD HIS FORMULA, HE COULD LAUGH AT THE MIGHTY POWERS OF RED RUBE!

IKCOH24...
YOU CAN'T HURT
ME, RED RUBE!

WHAT TH...
MY FIST WENT
RIGHT THROUGH
HIM!



REUBEN REUBEN IS HELPING OUT HIS SICK FRIEND BY SELLING HIS PAPERS...

THANK YOU, SIR! GOOD NEWS TODAY?

BAH! NO FIGHTING! THAT MEANS NOBODY WAS KILLED!



YOUNG MAN, THE BEST THING TO DO WITH PEOPLE IS GET RID OF THEM! I HATE PEOPLE! I HATE YOU TOO!



I HATE EVERYBODY! BAH!



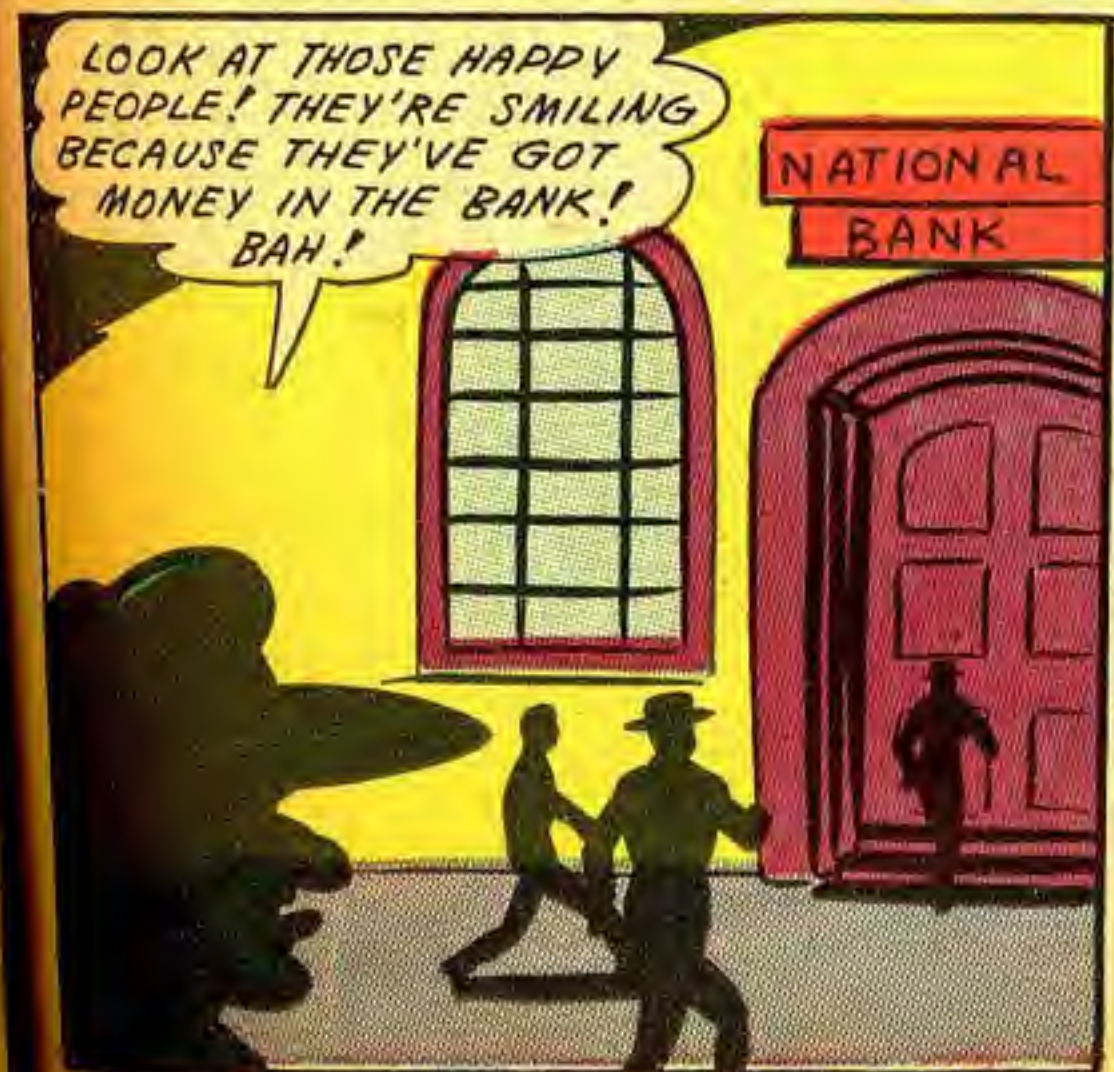
GOSH! WHAT A VIOLENT CHARACTER HE IS! MAYBE HE'LL BEAR WATCHING!



JUST WAIT UNTIL I GET STARTED! I'LL MAKE THEM MISERABLE! THEY'LL CURSE THE NAME OF DR. KARVALLA!

LOOK AT THOSE HAPPY PEOPLE! THEY'RE SMILING BECAUSE THEY'VE GOT MONEY IN THE BANK! BAH!

NATIONAL BANK



LATER, REUBEN KEEPS A CLOSE WATCH ON DR. KARVALLA'S APARTMENT-

I WISH I COULD SEE WHAT HE'S WORKING ON!



AT LAST! I'VE DISCOVERED THE FORMULA! THIS TIME I KNOW IT WILL WORK!

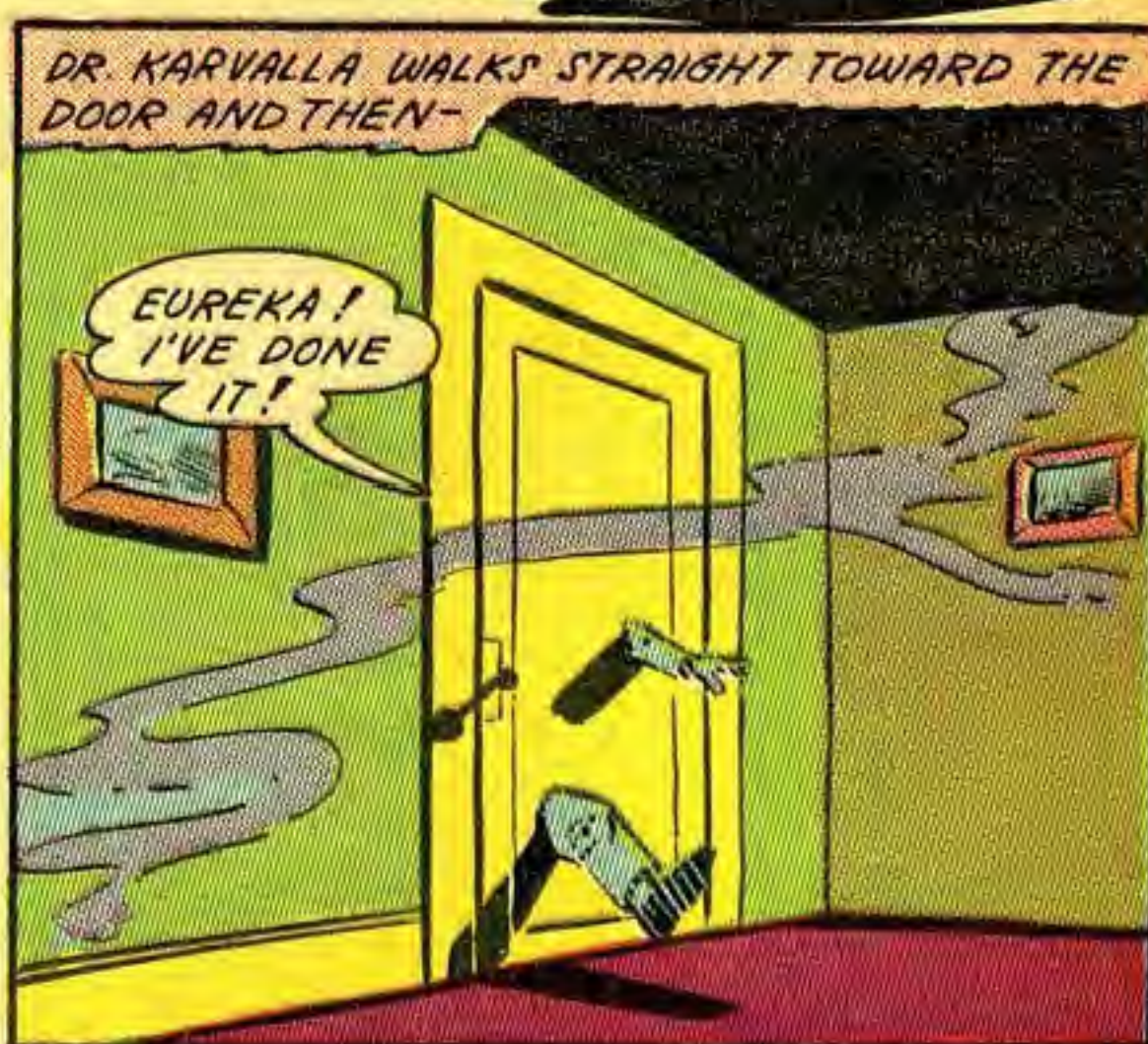


I CAN'T WAIT TO TRY IT!
IKCOH24

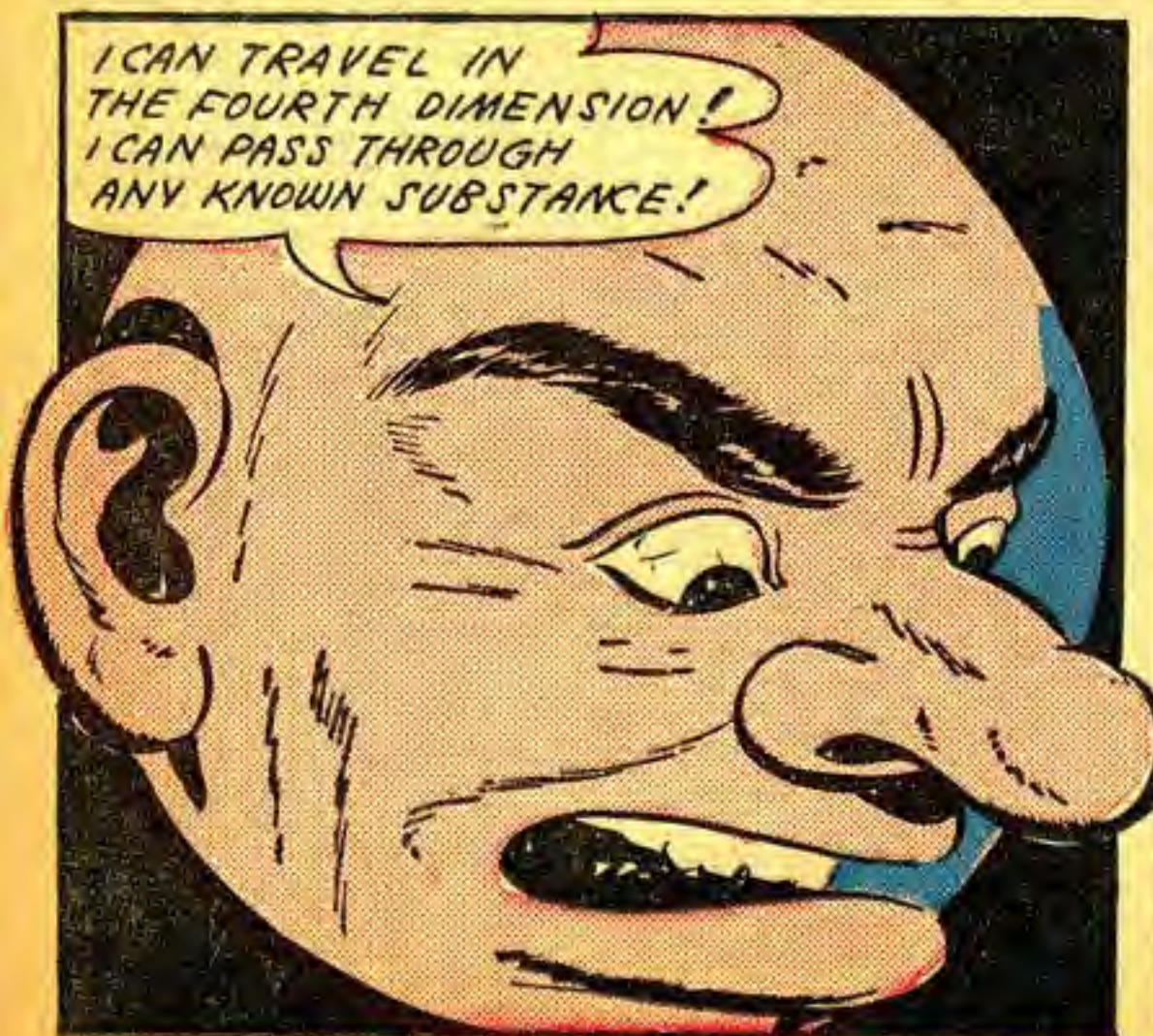


DR. KARVALLA WALKS STRAIGHT TOWARD THE DOOR AND THEN-

EUREKA!
I'VE DONE IT!



I CAN TRAVEL IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION!
I CAN PASS THROUGH ANY KNOWN SUBSTANCE!



NOW I'LL START MAKING PEOPLE MISERABLE! AND NO LIVING PERSON OR THING CAN STOP ME!



THAT'S QUEER! I DIDN'T
SEE THE DOOR OPEN OR
CLOSE - BUT THERE'S
DR. KARVALLA!



SOMETHING PECULIAR
IS GOING ON! I'LL KEEP
AN EYE ON DR. KARVALLA!



BANK

HERE'S THE
BANK! AND THE
VAULT SHOULD BE
JUST ABOUT HERE!



DR. KARVALLA'S
DISAPPEARED AGAIN!
BUT I SAW HIM
JUST A MIN-
UTE AGO!..
HEY
RUBE!



THE MAGIC
WORDS CAUSE
THE AIR ABOUT
REUBEN REUBEN
TO WHIRL
FURIOUSLY--



AND SOON, IN PLACE OF REUBEN
REUBEN, THERE NOW STANDS
THE MIGHTY FIGURE OF
RED RUBE!

I'LL FIND OUT
WHAT'S
BEHIND ALL
THIS!

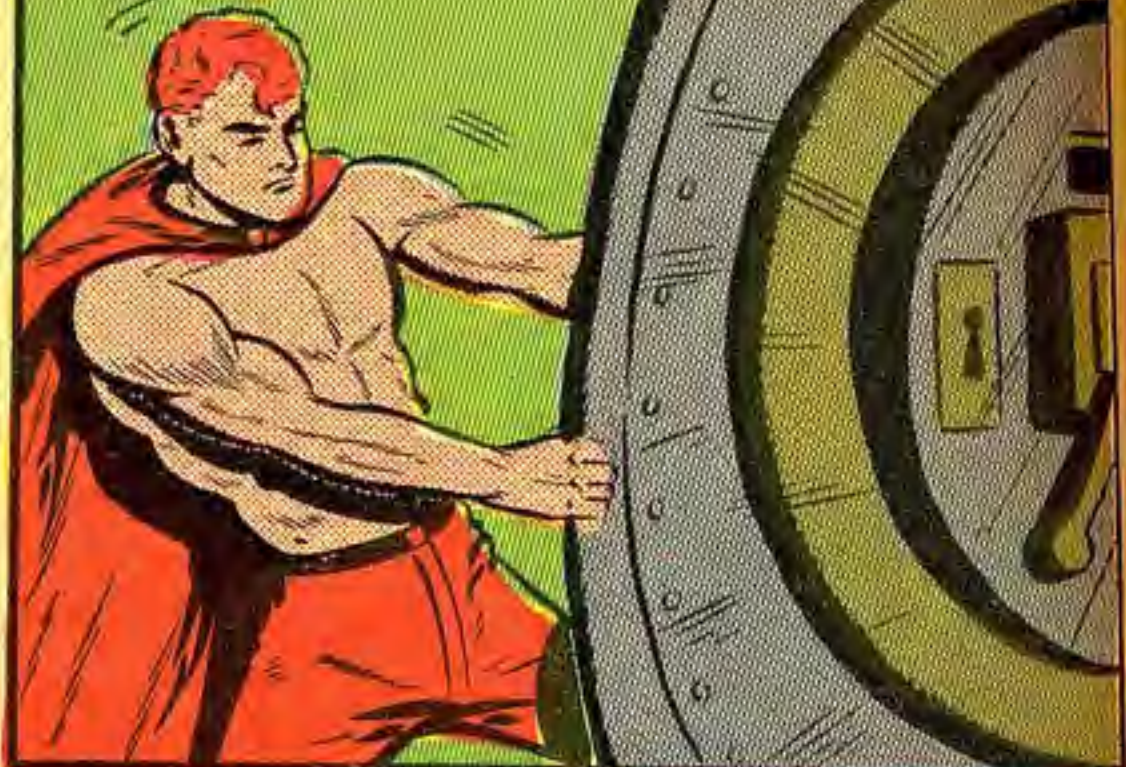


MEANWHILE...

I'LL MAKE PEOPLE MISERABLE! I'LL TAKE ALL THEIR MONEY! BUT FIRST I'LL HAVE TO RETURN TO NORMAL! IKCOH24!



SUDDENLY...



I THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU HERE!

DON'T LAY A FINGER ON ME, YOU BULLY!



IKCOH24!

WHA?



HA-HA! YOU CAN'T HURT ME! AND THAT ISN'T ALL I CAN DO EITHER!



I CAN RUN RIGHT THROUGH YOU!

I-I MUST BE DREAMING!



JUST THEN...

I'VE GOT 'EM! GUARDS!



I TRAPPED TWO CROOKS IN THE BANK VAULT! CALL THE POLICE!



WE'RE LOCKED IN!

MAYBE YOU ARE!



BUT I'M NOT! TA-TA...

HE'S WALKING THROUGH SOLID METAL! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



IT'S INCREDIBLE THE THINGS SOME PEOPLE CAN DO!



THERE'S ONE OF THE CROOKS! STOP HIM!

HALT IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!



I WONDER WHERE
DR. KARVALLA COULD
HAVE GONE?



I'D BETTER GET THE
POLICE OFF MY TRAIL...
HEY RUBE!



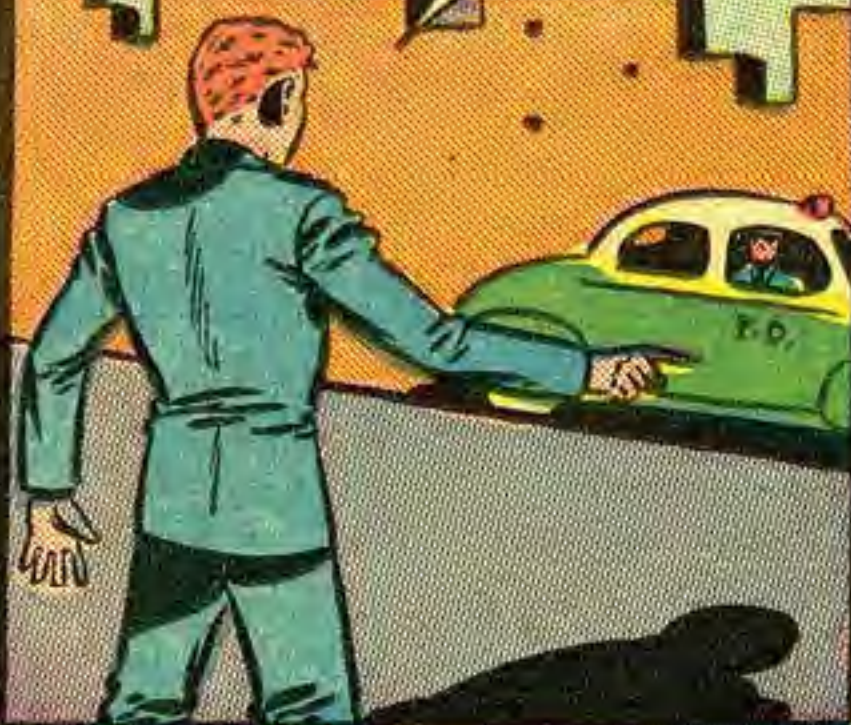
ONCE AGAIN
THE AIR
VIBRATES TO
THE MAGIC
WORDS...



AND REUBEN
REUBEN APPEARS-

DID YOU SEE A
BIG GUY IN A RED
SUIT GO BY HERE?

YES, SIR! HE
WENT THAT WAY!



THAT TAKES CARE OF
THE POLICE! NOW
I'VE GOT TO FIND
DR. KARVALLA!



BAH! I DIDN'T GET THE
MONEY AFTER ALL! I
DIDN'T MAKE ANYONE
MISERABLE EXCEPT
ME!



THAT'S WHAT I THINK
OF YOU! I HATE YOU
TOO! I WISH YOU'D DROP
DEAD SO I WOULDN'T
HAVE TO LOOK
AT YOU ANY-
MORE!





SO YOU'VE DISCOVERED HOW TO GET INTO THE FOURTH DIMENSION, DR. KARVALLA!



I SAW YOU WALK THROUGH THE WALL OF THAT BANK!

YOU DID?
HMM! THIS BRAT IS TOO DANGEROUS TO LIVE!



I'LL SILENCE YOU FOREVER!

UGGG...
GULP... HEY
RUBE!



A THOUSAND
DEVILS!
WHAT
HAPPENED?

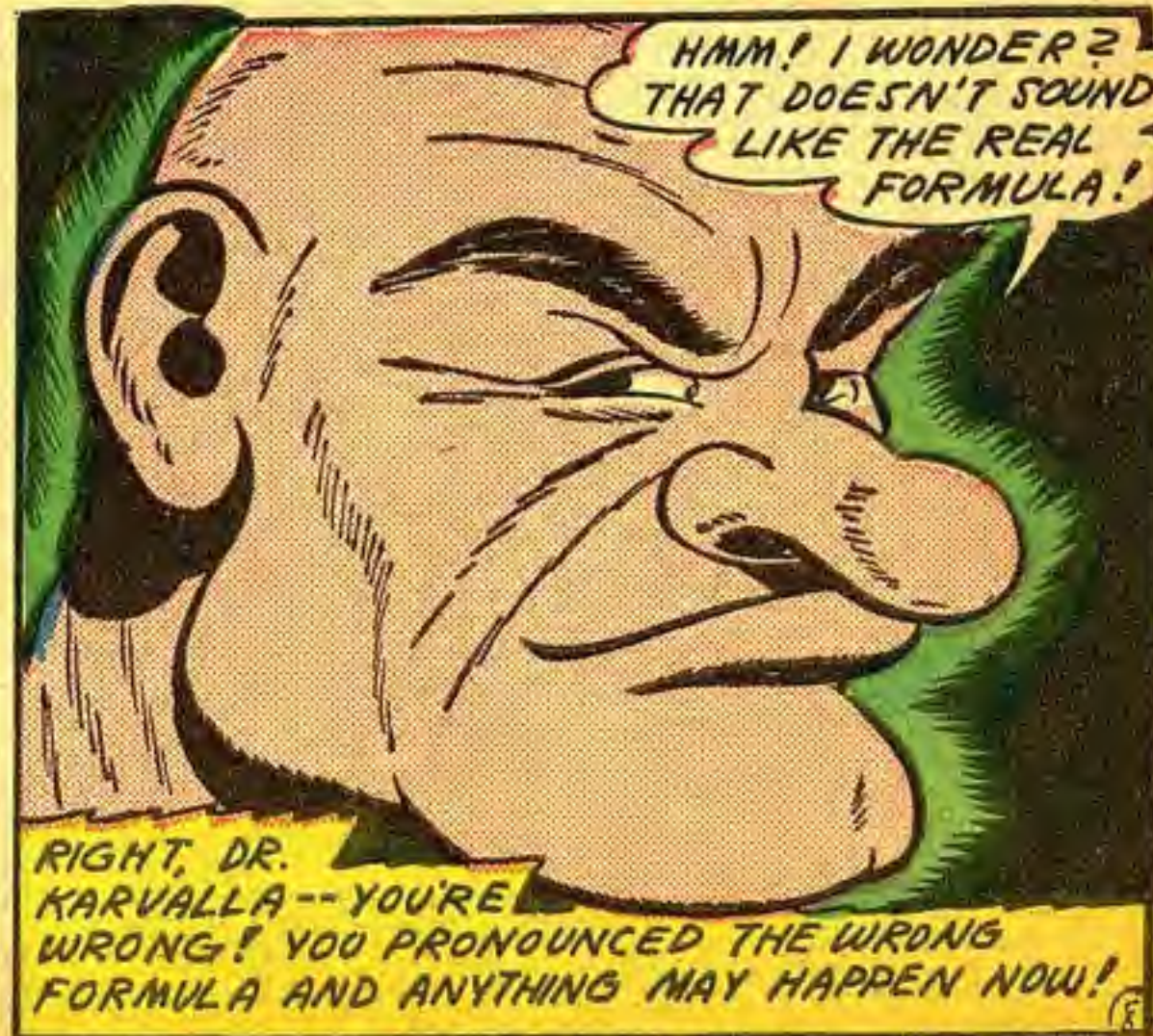


YOU! WHERE
DID YOU COME
FROM?



THAT'S NOT HALF
AS IMPORTANT AS
WHERE YOU'RE
GOING!

YOU CAN'T
HARM ME....
IC052K4!



HMM! I WONDER?
THAT DOESN'T SOUND
LIKE THE REAL
FORMULA!

RIGHT, DR.
KARVALLA-- YOU'RE
WRONG! YOU PRONOUNCED THE WRONG
FORMULA AND ANYTHING MAY HAPPEN NOW!





THE FUTURE AND THE PAST

by HARRY ROSE

IT WAS a corpse, a shapeless mass huddled on the warm Tahitian sand. It lay a few feet off shore, black and shriveled, untouched by swells.

I ran to it, knelt, and took a brief glance. There was little doubt. Several days—perhaps a week it had lain there. I was a doctor and knew death when I saw it.

The body bore no external marks. The cold, discolored face was sunken, unrecognizable. Death, from all appearances, had resulted from drowning.

Rising, I looked both ways along the beach. Back of me was the lazy curve of the shore line, my footprints, and in the distance the village. Before me was a lagoon, beyond it an arching cliff. But to the right, nestled in a thick foliage past the sand was a shack, charred and broken.

I stared at it, trying to assemble my thoughts. A body washed upon the shore, for days lying unnoticed on the dry, sunbeaten sand. And the cabin—it was inhabited, for as I watched the crude wooden door opened and a man emerged. He saw me and stood still, watching.

I looked down at the huddled form again, then turned for the shack. But I saw something in the sand and stopped short. It was a faint, misshapen scrawl, etched on the beach a few inches from the head of the corpse, and it said simply: Don't go.

A message. Whether or not it was complete I couldn't tell.

Nor had I any notion of what it might mean. But it was there in the sand, and it said, "don't go."

Perplexed, I moved on up the beach to the shack. I was watched carefully by a tall, thin personage, white, shabbily dressed, and a little hawk-nosed.

He put his hands in his pockets and said: "You're from the village?"

I nodded. "I'm its one and only physician. I was strolling and came upon that corpse. Haven't you noticed it?"

"No. A corpse, eh?"

"You live here?"

He nodded.

"Don't you ever come out?"

"For air—yes." He breathed deeply and glanced at the sky. "May rain tonight." He turned his back and started for the door.

"Look," I said, following him, "there's been a body out there for almost a week and you haven't paid any attention to it. Doesn't that—"

"Had I known it was a corpse," he said drowsily, "I wouldn't have gone near it. That's something that weakens me."

I started to say something, but the words didn't come out. I was in the cabin doorway, my gaze frozen on a strange mechanism that all but filled the shack's interior. Such an affair as I had never seen before. Actually, it was indescribable, a twisted, perplexing heap of machinery.

"What's that?" I gasped, "an invention?"

The tall fellow turned and faced me. "In a way."

"But—if it isn't an invention—what is it?"

"A machine."

For a moment I was lost in bewilderment. "Who are you?" I asked, "and what is this—apparatus? What does it do?"

The other rolled a cigarette slowly, and lit it. Then he said: "I'm August Wharton—a scientist, so to speak. This is my work—my life devotion. It's a machine."

"I know—obviously it's a machine. But what's it for?"

He smiled. "I don't know yet. If it does what I think it will, its purpose could be for many things."

I stepped closer, trying to make sense out of the affair. But the thing wasn't to be understood by a doctor. To me, it was like a new language.

"Tahiti," I muttered, "is a funny place for this sort of thing. How long have you been—"

"Seven months. I'm finished now. Only a few experiments remain."

I stood there awhile, completely amazed.

Suddenly I remembered the corpse on the beach, and a few duties to perform. I hurried out, promising to return.

Natives rowed the body upshore to the village. Forbes, an assistant of mine, provided transportation to my quarters, where we awaited the arrival of authorities.

I told Forbes the story, and included Wharton.

"The name is familiar," he mused. "I believe the natives mentioned him not so long ago. Someone discovered the cabin and made an investigation. There was talk of this—machine."

"I can't understand it," I said. "It's the strangest affair I've ever seen—yet it must have some purpose. Wharton seems to know what he's doing, but doesn't care to discuss it. And the dead man—Wharton completely avoided him."

"Shut-ins get that way," said Forbes, "especially in Tahiti."

"Possibly. But I'm not satisfied with things. I'm going back. Care to come along?"

"No. I want to be in on the autopsy."

"That's an idea. Keep your eyes open."

The sun had disappeared behind clouds, veiling the shack and the winding shore line in a gray gloom. A swell formed and lapped across the beach, seeping into the damp sand a few feet from where I stood.

I was looking down at the dim outline left by the corpse, and the simple, meaningless "don't go". I wondered for a moment about the message—and the machine.

Then I turned and hurried to the cabin and flung the door back. I all but tripped in my amazement.

The shack was bare—the machine was gone and Wharton apparently had gone with it. All that remained was a battered chair, a desk, and a notebook.

Shaking a little, I took the

notebook outside, knelt on the sand and began turning the dusty, half-torn pages. Here, perhaps, was the answer, or a clue.

I came upon a penciled script, and read at random:

"April 9. Framework completed. Must stop to await arrival of last shipment from Hawaii. Progress normal."

I turned a page.

"May 12. Storm receding. Progress slowed in view of exterior work necessary on cabin."

"May 21. Visitors last night. Natives, perhaps, whose curiosity overcame them. No harm to the apparatus, though future precaution may be of value."

Another page.

"June 4. Final touches completed. Had another visitor—a white man—first to see the machine. In a few moments I shall experiment, before he returns. He discovered a corpse on the beach, and when he left I investigated. There was a strange scrawling in the sand which I did not understand. However, it is none of my concern . . ."

Running footsteps interrupted me. I looked up, and Forbes, puffing and wildeyed, came to a halt.

"The queerest," he panted, "case we've seen. At the autopsy—they took fingerprints—the corpse is Wharton!"

"Wharton! But I saw him in the cabin—at the same time!"

"I know—but the prints don't lie—the fellow is Wharton!"

"That's crazy," I growled. "One man can't be in two places—" I paused, remembering the script. "Wait. There's more to this diary."

We read the last entry:

"Everything is in good order. My only danger lies in the rotation of the earth. If my theories are wrong, I may land in the ocean. If not, I will be transported safely seven days into the past . . ."

The same thought came to both of us. A time traveller!

Suddenly it was clear. Wharton had left for the past, had landed in the ocean, and had swum ashore. The corpse—had it been recognizable—

I sat there in a stupor, unable to move. "That's it," I managed at length, "Wharton became the corpse after his time journey. You see, Forbes—the cabin is empty." I handed him the diary, and he read the last page.

Then he stood there a moment, thinking. "My God!" he exclaimed. "I see it all now. The message in the sand. He was going to warn himself, but he didn't finish—don't you see?"

"What are you babbling about?" I demanded.

"Look—the diary says Wharton saw the message before he left. So, when he swam ashore and fell exhausted on the beach, he began writing, but stopped because he remembered seeing the message before. It fits perfectly—"

"What fits? What do you mean?"

"That's right, I didn't tell you. Wharton's death wasn't caused by drowning or exhaustion. It was caused by the fact that after he had scrawled two words in the sand, he remembered that the message had ended there, and that he was going to become the corpse. The autopsy explains that. He died of heart attack."

The

FLYING DRAGONS

BY Bill Vigoda

HANK



SPUD



WE OPEN OUR STORY IN THE MESS HALL OF THE FLYING DRAGONS, AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS IN THE CHINESE AIR FORCE... THE COMMANDING OFFICER SPEAKS...

ORDERS FROM WASHINGTON, BOYS! WE'RE BEING DISBANDED... YOU CAN REENLIST IN THE ARMY AIR CORPS, IF YOU WISH!



SUDDENLY...

JAP PLANES!! LET'S GIVE IT TO 'EM!! AND MAKE IT GOOD!!



THAT YANKEE IS A FIEND! HE IS SHOOTING OUR PLANES DOWN LIKE CLAY PIGEONS!



WHO IS THIS INTREPID CLOUD-BUSTER SPREADING HAVOC AMONG THE NIPS? LET'S TAKE A PEEK INTO HIS PLANE AND MEET...



HANK O'TOOLE... ACE OF ACES...

SO LONG SUCKER!!





OKAY.. GUYS!!
THAT FINISHES 'EM--
BACK HOME!



Back AT THE AIR BASE...

WOIKSKOWSKI..
JONES - O'TOOLE..
O'TOOLE!! WHERE'S
O'TOOLE??



HERE'S HANK - STILL FLYING!

THIS IS MY LAST
CHANCE TO GET
MINE...SO I'M MAKING
IT GOOD!!



A JAP PATROL
BOAT! MY
MEAT!!



THE AMERICAN IS
DARING!! AH!!
THAT FINISHES
THE DOG!!



THANKS BUDDY!
YOU'RE A SIGHT
FOR SORE EYES!!

ME THANKEE...
HECK! WISH I
COULD REMEMBER
MY CHINESE!!



JAP.. BOAT...
HIDE!!



HALLO.. THERE...
CHINESE DOG!!
STAND BY FOR
INSPECTION!!



LATER...

EVERYTHING IN
ORDER.. YOU CAN
PROCEED.. BARBARIAN!



WHEW!! GLAD
THEY'RE GONE! THIS
FISH STINKS! THAT
VELLY CLOSE!!
YOU UNDELSTAND??

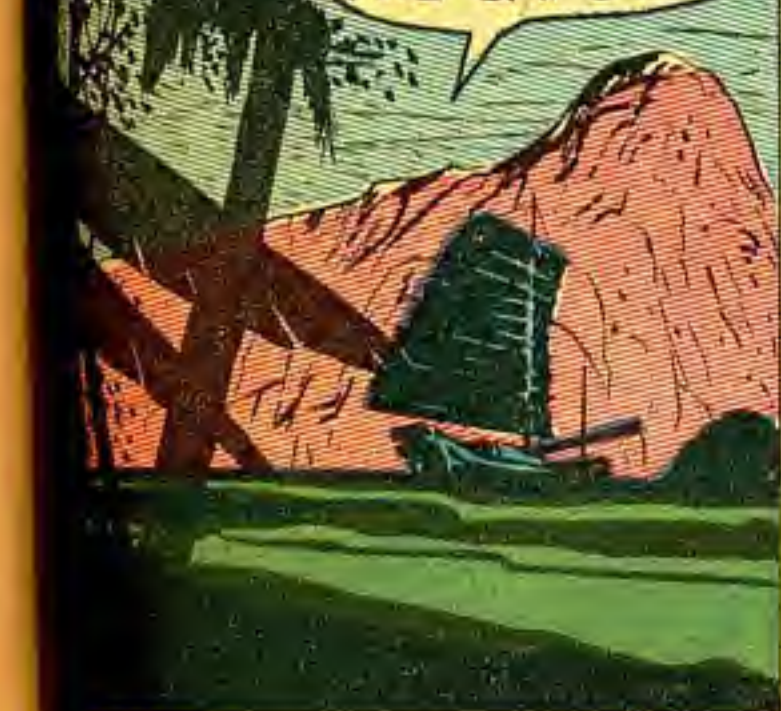
SURE! BUT I'D
UNDERSTAND A
LOT BETTER IF YOU
GAVE IT TO ME IN
STRAIGHT ENGLISH!



WHAT TH'...??
WHAT GOES??



HA.. HA!! I'M WEAR-
ING A DISGUISE I'M
A YANK LIKE YOU...
MY PARENTS WERE
MISSIONARIES... THEY
WERE KILLED BY
THE JAPS!



I VOWED VENGEANCE!!
I'M FIGHTING WITH CHINESE
GUERILLAS!! HERE WE
ARE!!



OUR HIDEOUT
IS HIDDEN IN
THAT PASS!!



GREETINGS, SPUD! SEE
YOU HAVE BROUGHT US
A MOST WELCOME
GUEST. ONE WHO
FLIES THE
IRON FALCON.



SPUD! THAT'S ME,
HANK! SEE-- JUST AD-
HESIVE TAPE TO SLANT
MY EYES..AND A
LITTLE MUD TO
COLOR MY SKIN!

SUDDENLY...

JAP SCOUTS!!
THEY DRIVE
IN IRON
HORSE
NEARBY!!

TO ARMS! GUERILLAS!
WE'LL AMBUSH
THE ASSASSINS!!

THERE THEY ARE!!
QUIET NOW!! WAIT
FOR THE SIGNAL!

FIRE!

THAT'S YOUR FOURTH
ONE, KID-- YOU DON'T
MISS!!

NUMBER FIVE!
ZOWIE! THAT'S
WHAT I CALL SHOOT-
ING, SPUD!!

THEY ARE DEAD!!
BRING THE IRON
HORSE AND LET
US GO!!

I'VE BEEN THINKING IT OVER... I'M NOT GOING!! I'LL STAY IF YOU'LL LET ME!!

WONDERFUL!!

WE HAVE A SALVAGED PLANE THAT YOU CAN USE!! BUT YOU'LL NEED A REAR GUNNER!

WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I'D LIKE TO HAVE SPUD! HE'S TERRIFIC!

AS YOU WISH!

COUNT ME IN, I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A FLYING DRAGON!

OKAY KID, YOU'RE ON THE VARSITY. WE'RE A COUPLA DRAGONS NOW!

BIG BOATS

LONG HOURS OF PATROLING IS AN ARDUOUS TASK... PLANE ACCOMMODATIONS ALLOW SUFFICIENT RELAXATION... THIS SCENE IS IN THE HULL OF A PBY

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SITUATION OF THE U.S. DEMANDS A GREAT AMOUNT OF PATROLING. IT IS FOR THIS REASON THE AMERICAN PATROL-BOMBER WAS DEVELOPED!!

HEY GANG... NOW THAT YOU'VE MET OUR FRIENDS SPUD AND HANK... HOW ABOUT DROPPING ME A LINE LETTING ME KNOW HOW YOU LIKE THEM.. JUST ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO:
THE FLYING DRAGONS
90 M.L.J. MAGAZINES
241 CHURCH ST.
N.Y.C.

KNOCKING OUT SUBS IS ONE OF THE DUTIES OF THE VPB. (PATROL WINGS, U.S. FLEET)

PRIZES for You -- COME an' GET 'EM



--and MONEY, too!



SIGNAL
KNIFE



5 POWER
SPYGLASS



FLASHLIGHT



WRIST
WATCH



HAND AXE



FIELDER'S
GLOVE and BALL

HERE it is Fellers—the chance of a lifetime to earn all the MONEY and PRIZES you want. Look 'em over! Are they Jim Dandies? And How! A real wrist watch, a baseball glove and ball that will really fill the bill—a regular “he man” hand axe that can split a cat's whisker—yes sir—every prize a pippin and yours in addition to a regular income that will make you the envy of your whole gang. Start today to get the PRIZE you want, and find out for yourself what a thrill it is to have real money jingling in your pocket. All this can be yours for delivering Collier's Magazine to regular customers. Send in the coupon and get started today.

CLIP COUPON AND MAIL TODAY

MR. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 22
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio.

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful Prizes. Please send me your PRIZE BOOK and start me earning MONEY and PRIZES right away.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

(*) Postal
Unit No. _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

(*) If your city is so divided

First—fill out the coupon and mail it to me on a penny postcard—I'll start you at once and send you A FREE PRIZE BOOK. All you have to do to earn PRIZES AND A CASH INCOME, is deliver Collier's Magazine to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. Will not interfere with school or other activities. Send coupon today. If you don't want to clip coupon, write to MR. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 22 THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO., SPRINGFIELD, O.

SEND FOR **FREE** PRIZE BOOK

FREE

with your order
—the **PROVEN**
60-DAY SHORTCUT
to **TERRIFIC MUSCULAR**

Unbelievable strength is yours in 60 DAYS if you follow out the five basic strength exercises illustrated and described in this FREE book. Thousands of men—weak and strong; young and old—have become uncommonly powerful and uncommonly healthy, thanks to this streamlined, 60-day course. Yours, free, when you order any of the sensation-ally successful courses shown below.



HORSEPOWER

For as little as
\$1.98 — BOB HOFFMAN shows you
HOW TO BECOME A VERITABLE
HUMAN DERRICK!



BOB HOFFMAN
—KING OF STRONG MEN
—author of all these courses—is America's foremost exponent of human horsepower—of mighty muscles in the whole body. Most of the top-notchers like Grimek and Stanco are Hoffman-trained. You should be!

BETTER NUTRITION. How and what to eat—and why! One of the most informative books on nutrition ever written. Profusely illustrated. Do what it says—and your health and strength will grow — 295 large pages.

\$1.98

SECRETS OF STRENGTH AND DEVELOPMENT. Professional "secrets" on strength and development — "before-and-after" pictures show how weaklings have developed quickly into powerful, human engines. Many instructive photographs and drawings.

\$1.98

WEIGHT LIFTING. The foremost and most successful exercise is by barbell and dumbbell. Weight lifting makes every muscle work, increases the productivity of every gland through increased muscular demand. Follow this fully illustrated course, adding weights as you progress, the pounds you can scarcely lift today will be the 300 pounds you lift tomorrow.

\$1.98

HOW TO BE STRONG. 400 large pages with advice, rules, examples, "don't's" and "do's" and illustrations galore — covers strength and health from every standpoint.

\$2.98

THE BIG CHEST BOOK. The chest consists of almost 40% of all important muscles. The more it is developed, the greater the HORSEPOWER. Get yourself an enormous, powerful thorax, with big, balloon-like lungs, a d d inches.

\$1.98

THE BIG ARM BOOK. A full explanation of the anatomy of the arm, so that you know the location and function of each muscle — so that you can see the purpose and the benefit of each of the 200 exercises this highly illustrated course gives. It explains why some men have huge arms — up to 22 inches. Why Sandow, with only 16.9 inch arms, was so immensely powerful.

\$1.98

—make your **WHOLE BODY** strong
—build up every organ
—build up every gland
—put **HORSEPOWER** into every **MUSCLE**

WHEN ONE MAN—and his organization—have had such stupendous success in building bodies of **HORSEPOWER STRENGTH**; when they have made champions year after year; when they have made 36-inch chests grow to 50 inches and even more; when they have built comparative weaklings into men who raise more than 370 pounds overhead—then you know you're at headquarters where your body gets **HORSEPOWER!**

The free, 60-day course gives you mighty strength. But if you want strength that makes people gasp, a huge, barrel chest, the crushing strength of the grizzly bear, a grip like a vise, legs and back that lift like a derrick, a neck like a steel column, arms and shoulders like locomotive driving rods, feet and ankles as springy as rubber, but with a kick like a mule—then it's horsepower you need!

Now—do you know how strong just one horsepower is? If you could lift 550 pounds just one foot in one second, you'd be exerting one horsepower. Only very few men have developed such prodigious strength. Arthur Saxon—probably the strongest man who ever lived—lifted 480 pounds over his head from the floor. Louis Cyr, the famed Canadian woodsman lifted 550 pounds a few inches off the floor with one hand, and became famous.

Such men are exceptional; but any man with fair health; even though pretty old, **CAN BECOME SO POWERFUL**, by the systematic exercises given in these six courses, that his friends will say—"Man, that's **HORSEPOWER!**"

These remarkable instructions, based on Bob Hoffman's years of successful experience, take you up from scratch—through nutrition and rest and breathing, through the thorough development of all your muscles to a near perfection as you can reach. Then you will have power beyond your wildest dreams. Your whole body will have acquired enviable form. You will have added inches to your chest, have wind and stamina, powerful lungs, a stronger heart. You will glow with health and sparkle with vitality and virility. Your mind will be quick and alert. Your movements will be faster, surer. You will have tremendous confidence in your ability to do things—**AND**—you will win the admiration of all.

Send **NO** money!
RUSH COUPON NOW

Send no money unless you want to save the postage. Write your name and address clearly in the coupon, checking off the book course you want. Remember, every book offered by Bob Hoffman is fully guaranteed to please you . . . IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED, YOU MAY RETURN WITHIN 5 DAYS FOR REFUND. Send coupon now and get this special 60-day Shortcut to Terrific Muscular Horsepower, free with your order.

BOB HOFFMAN (EDUCATIONAL DIVISION),
Dept. 905

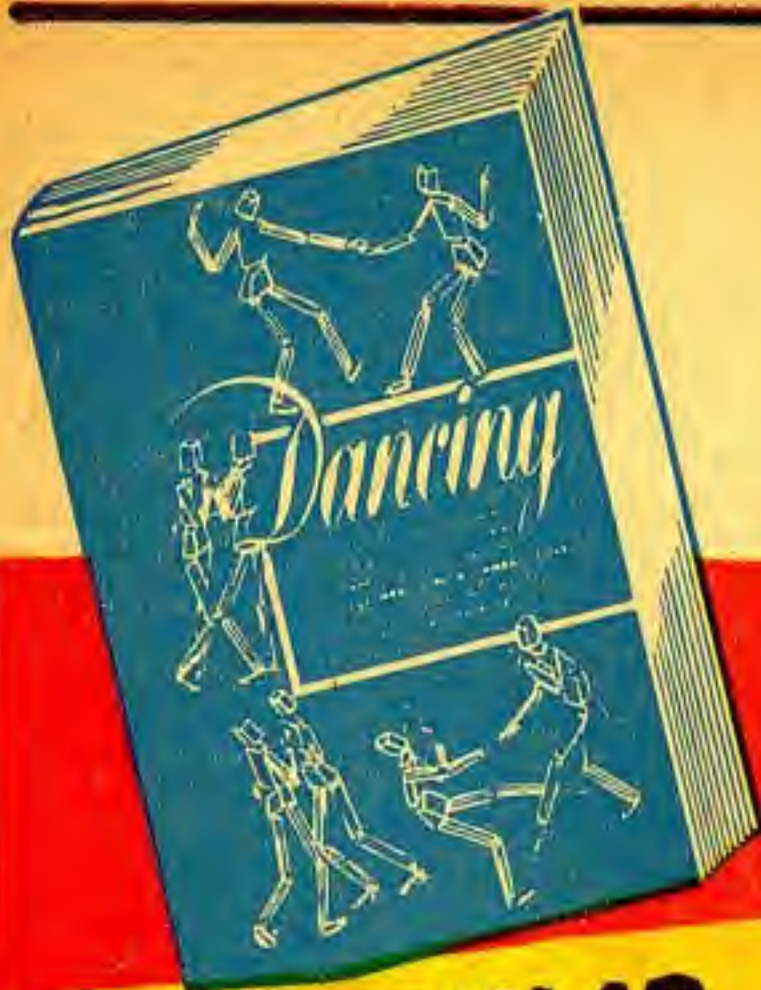
BOX 11, STATION X, New York, 54, N. Y.

I want to get Human Horsepower through the Bob Hoffman proven system. Send books I have checked below:

- ☐ **WEIGHT LIFTING** \$1.98 ☐ **BETTER NUTRITION** \$1.98
☐ **HOW TO BE STRONG** \$2.98
☐ **SECRETS OF STRENGTH AND DEVELOPMENT** \$1.98
☐ **THE BIG CHEST BOOK** \$1.98 ☐ **THE BIG ARM BOOK** \$1.98
☐ Enclosed find \$..... in full payment.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$..... plus postage.
Be sure to enclose my **FREE 60-Day Shortcut to Terrific Muscular Horsepower.**

NAME

ADDRESS



**BE POPULAR — LEARN
The NEWEST DANCES
in 5 DAYS...or NO COST!**

NEW Revised Edition

Includes the **RHUMBA, CONGA,
SAMBA, JITTERBUG . . .**

FOX TROT, WALTZ and TAP DANCING

All the newest Swing steps — the Rhumba, Conga, Samba, Jitterbug, as well as the Fox Trot, Waltz and basic tap steps — explained with simple, graphic diagrams.

GET MORE FUN OUT OF LIFE! Swing your way to popularity! Start now and fill your future with Romance! **MAKE THIS FREE TEST!** The new REVISED edition of Betty Lee's book, Dancing, helps you learn correctly and **quickly**. Be convinced—if not satisfied with results, you will get your money back! And remember, we include two other books—"Tip Top Tapping" and "Swing Steps"—FREE of extra charge.

**Each step made simple
by EASY-TO-FOLLOW
DIAGRAMS**

**Illustration Shows the
First Basic Step of
the RHUMBA**



SEND NO MONEY! Pay the postman \$1.98 plus a few cents postage. Follow instructions in ALL THREE BOOKS—practice simple dance steps each day and in 5 days if you haven't learned to dance, we will refund your money!

PIONEER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
1790 Broadway, Dept. 525-H
New York 19, N. Y.

Send me "Dancing," by Betty Lee, and include 2 free books.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay on arrival, plus postage.

☐ I enclose \$1.98. Ship postage prepaid. If in 5 days I do not learn to dance, I may return book and you will refund purchase price.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....